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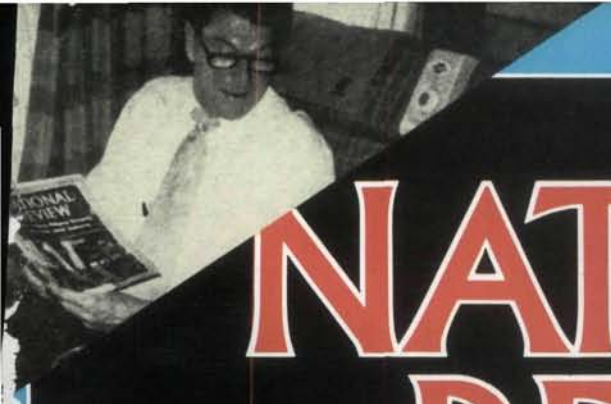

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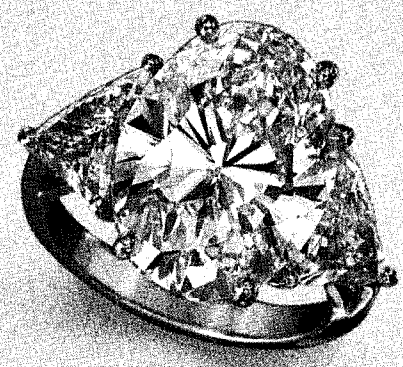

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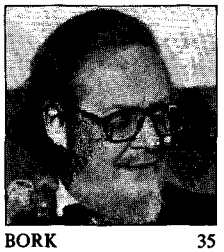
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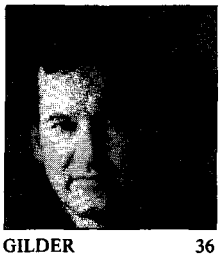
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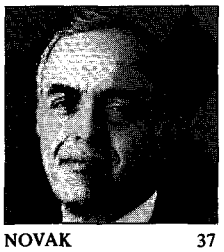
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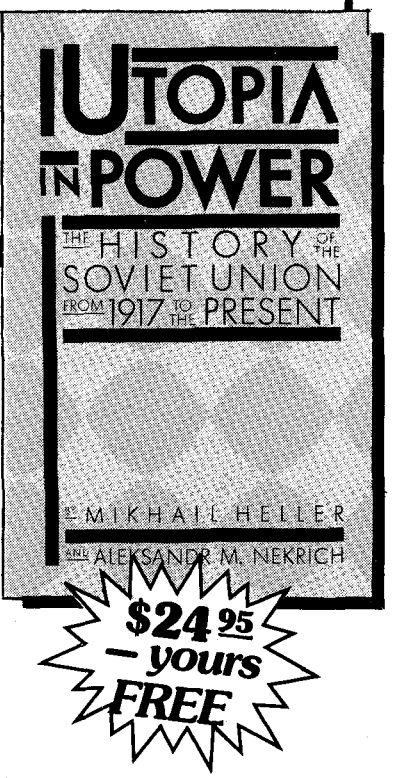

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LETTERS

Bobby for President?

Robert Kennedy may not have been the sainted hero *Newsweek* portrayed him as, but I hope John Roche ["The Second Coming of RFK," July 22] didn't have tongue entirely in cheek when he wrote: "By this time some readers of this journal may be wishing they could write in Robert Kennedy's name on the ballot this fall."

After all, the "software" old Joe had provided him with was solidly anti-Communist—he worked closely with Joe McCarthy (remember that wonderful photo of the two of them whispering off-mike during a committee hearing?), and he knew who the enemy was in Vietnam and in Cuba. His crazy talk about giving blood to the Vietcong helped wipe a lot of that out of people's minds, but I prefer to think that was an aberration. (Okay, maybe aberrations are what you can expect from someone who "can't tell a principle from a fireplug.")

Still, it may not be heresy to say that we would have been better off in the long run had he survived and become President in 1968. I bet all that weepy peace talk would have faded into the background, and we would once again have seen the Bob Kennedy who couldn't stand to lose. And even if I'm wrong, he could hardly have done the United States more harm than Richard Nixon did through his ineptitude—and had Kennedy started to go off the rails, conservatives wouldn't have had to hold back from attacking him.

Skip Weldon
Miami, Fla.

And Foul Is Fair

The fate of the America's Cup is not high on my agenda either ["The Week," June 24]. However, if the Kiwis should be so ill-mannered as to exclude other nations from what has been a multinational affair and offer conditions and a timetable that give them a decided advantage, it does not appear unseemly to dispatch this unsportsmanlike exploitation of a loophole with a counter-exploitation. If indeed the San Diego syndicate has found another loophole that can be upheld in a U.S. court, the New Zealanders hardly have the right to call foul. Perhaps this race, though it will not excite the public interest engendered by the last series, will serve the laudable function of forcing the usual participating nations to band together in a gentlemen's agreement to conduct further matches in the more traditional, enjoyable format.

It does not frankly concern me that the country that accepts our protection in the South Pacific, but refuses to allow our instruments of that defense to dock at their ports, should snivel about our lack of fair play. I say turnabout *is* fair play.

James C. Mason, MD
Wellston, Ga.

Not Necessarily Rent Control

On March 7, 1988, I attended a hearing of the California Assembly's Committee on Housing and Community Development, which was considering a bill that would prohibit a local jurisdiction with rent-control provisions from receiving state funds for housing and homeless programs. The bill's author cited an article in NATIONAL REVIEW ["Where Do the Homeless Come From?" Sept. 25, 1987] as the source for his belief that rent control was a major contributing cause of homelessness.

I got a copy of the article and examined its methods and findings. The author, William Tucker, commits a number of major methodological errors. The first is in treating the complex variable "homelessness" as though it were unidimensional. To believe that voluntary homelessness can be examined for causes in the same way as families made homeless by financial reverses is like adding the proverbial apples and oranges.

Another source of error is in the selection of cities to be examined and in the compilation of data about them. Tucker writes that he began with a 1984 HUD report, which contained information on forty cities. He took 35 of those cities, without stating why he omitted five, and added 15 "as a result of [his] own investigation."

He says that "a number of Sun Belt politicians have argued that there has been a migration of the homeless to gentler climes" and then correlates the homeless rate with the mean annual temperature of the fifty cities in his study. He concludes that "in itself temperature is insignificant." Now, New York City has a mean annual temperature, according to Tucker, of 55° F.; Salt Lake City's is 57, and San Fran-

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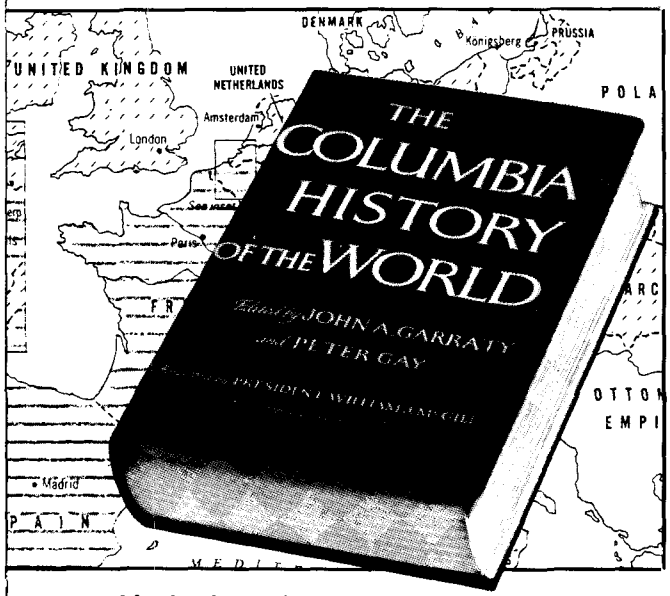

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cisco's is 57. Would anyone believe that those three cities have even similar "weather"? Weather may or may not influence the homeless rate in cities, but its impact cannot be measured by the means Tucker uses.

He writes: "Remarkably, rent control . . . turns out to be the single most important factor for predicting homelessness. All by itself it accounts for 27 per cent of the variation among cities." An explanation that accounts for 25 to 33 per cent of the problem—deinstitutionalization of mental patients—"does not hold up very well," he says, but one that accounts for 27 per cent is "the single most important factor"?

Until Mr. Tucker explains why many large and medium-sized cities without rent control have higher homeless rates than New York City, his conclusion that "truly widespread homelessness does not occur, however, until a city imposes rent control" is not supported by the facts that he himself supplies.

H. E. Knepprath
Sacramento, Calif.

. . . But It's an Explanation

Mr. Knepprath criticizes my use of HUD's homeless figures. I used the figures simply because they are the best available. If the figures are "unidimensional," that would be the fault of advocates for the homeless and shelter providers themselves, who supplied most of the numbers. But I seriously doubt that these people overlooked the problems Mr. Knepprath raises.

By arguing that teenage runaways and homeless families are as equivalent as "apples and oranges," Mr. Knepprath is himself making an assumption. He is suggesting that homelessness is *not* a housing problem but a personal problem. This is perfectly valid. Articles in both *The New Republic* and *U.S. News & World Report* have made the same claim. But neither these articles nor Mr. Knepprath presents any statistical evidence that would back it up.

The five cities I left out of the study were Baton Rouge, Colorado Springs, Davenport, Dayton, and Scranton. All had small homeless populations at or below the national median. I will gladly add these and any other cities to the data—but I doubt it will do much to change the general conclusions.

As to the weather, I also compared the cities on the basis of average annual rainfall. The graph was perfectly flat—no correlation. It would be interesting to correlate lowest recorded temperatures—the suggestion being that homeless people don't care about hot weather but just don't like to be cold. All this is certainly worth exploring, but it won't erase the significance of the rent-control correlation.

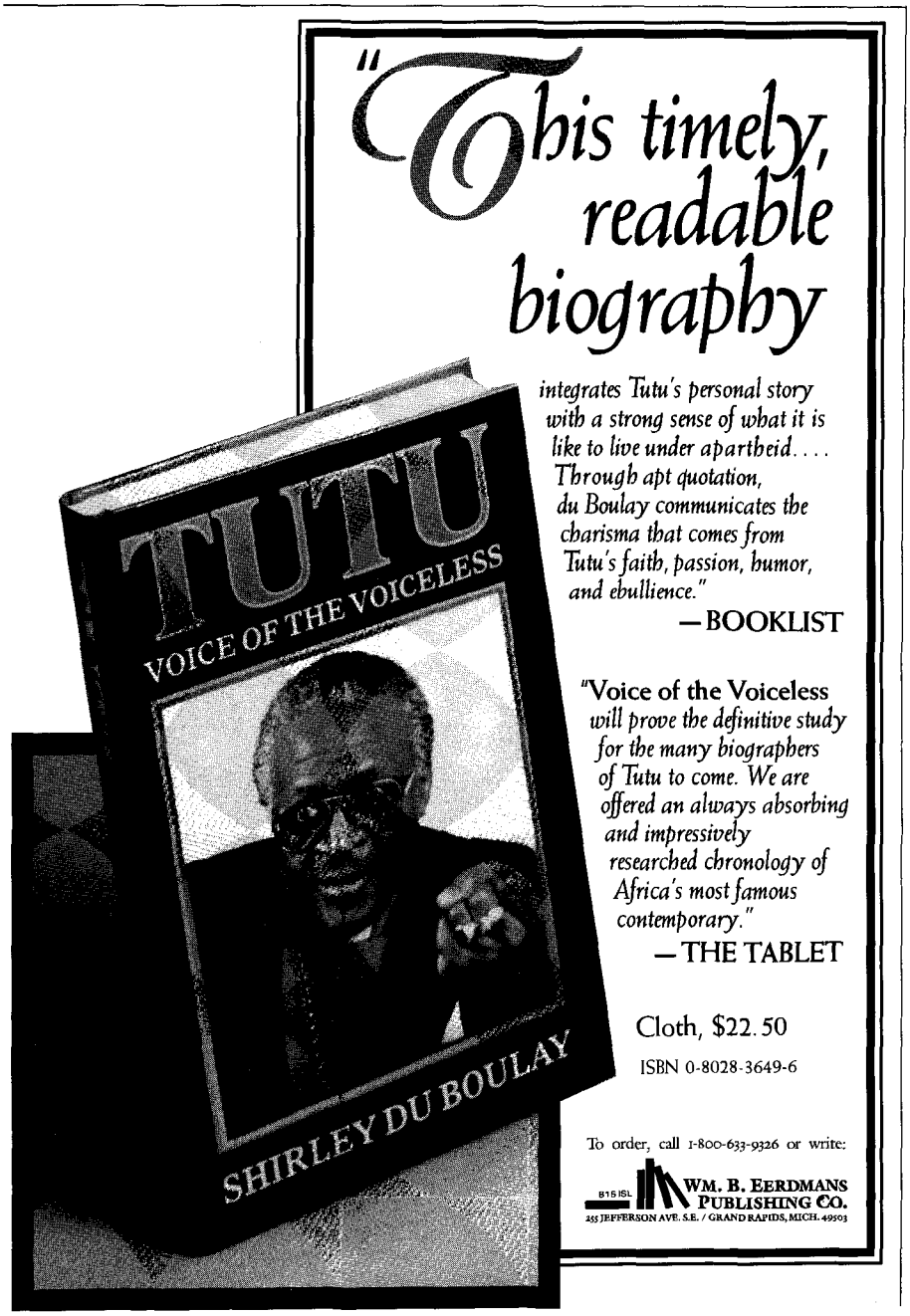
I am sorry if I implied that the number of former mental patients in homeless populations is not important. Obviously it is. Returning to the institutionalization policies of the 1950s would undoubtedly lower the rate of homelessness. My only point was that the problem now seems to extend well beyond the mental-patient syndrome and seems to involve other factors as well.

Altogether, Mr. Knepprath seems to resent the idea that rent control may be causing some homelessness. As a person who is committed to helping the homeless, he would, I should think, feel obliged to consider any possible explanation, no matter how distasteful. In debating this issue, I have often encountered advocates for the homeless who are so wed to the idea that private housing is the problem and rent control the solution that I sometimes have to wonder if their real commitment is to the homeless at all, or simply to government regulation. I hope Mr. Knepprath isn't one of these people.

William Tucker
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Figures Count

Charles Murray's essay ["Crime in America," June 10] perceptively analyzes the contemporary criminal-justice system's failure to maintain public confidence in its ability to enforce standards of law-abiding behavior and public civility. In



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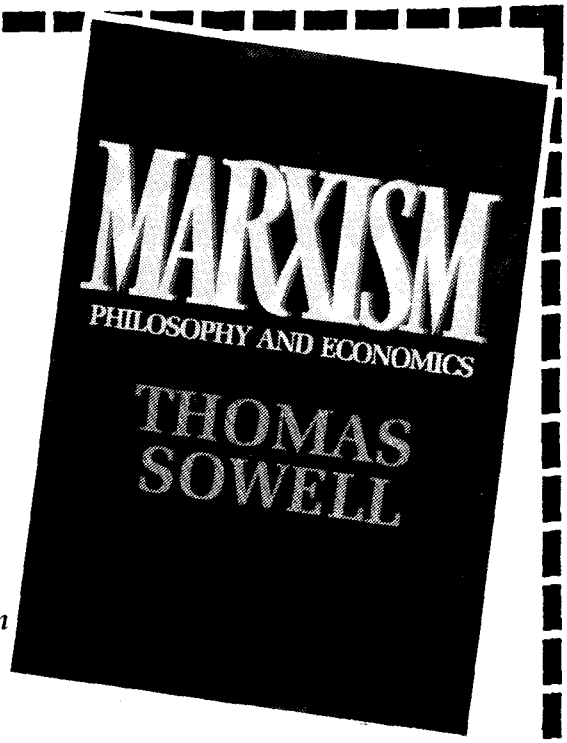

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focusing on this aspect of the crime problem, however, Mr. Murray understates the actual incidence of crime and gives short shrift to the very realistic concerns that underlie the fear of crime.

One difficulty is Mr. Murray's reliance on statistics concerning reported crimes, which represent only a portion of the actual crime problem. Another is his exclusive focus on "violent" crime. A more complete picture of the actual risk of crime is provided by the National Crime Survey's finding that about *one out of four* households in the United States is touched by crimes of violence or theft each year. Nor is it true that crime is almost exclusively a problem of inner-city minority neighborhoods. The annual victimization rate for minority households is somewhat above the national average—27 per cent for black households—but the corresponding figure for white households is about 24 per cent. Similarly, rural and suburban households experienced victimization rates of about 20 per cent and 24 per cent respectively.

Mr. Murray's specific analysis of the crime problem—in which he declines to argue that the Warren Court's decisions restricting law enforcement have "handcuffed the police"—also reflects a misplaced emphasis on public perceptions and morale. For example, an empirical study of post-arrest questioning by police detectives in one major city found that over 40 per cent of suspects could not be questioned at all as a result of the *Miranda* rules.

Government owes the public a criminal-justice system which inspires confidence that the innocent will be protected and the guilty punished.

Stephen J. Markman
Assistant Attorney General
U.S. Department of Justice
Washington, D.C.

Problem—Yes. Now What?

Writing as a person who has been burgled twice and mugged once in the last five years, I am not about to argue with anyone who says we have a crime problem. But my point was that counting the number of crimes is ultimately sterile if our objective is to decide what needs to be done—just as, in broader focus, counting the number of people under the poverty line is ultimately sterile in deciding how to help the poor, counting the number of illiterates is ultimately sterile in deciding what to do about the education problem, and so on. Knowing all the statistics helps us very little in discriminating among policies that would put a police box on every corner versus ones that would suspend the *Miranda* rule versus ones that would (for example) radically decentralize the police and court systems. Trying to get leverage on just such choices was the purpose of my discussion.

Some quick points about Mr. Markman's use of overall white/black and rural/urban victimization rates to refute my contention that the black inner cities are one hell of a lot more dangerous places to live than are small cities and towns: 1) The discrepancy between all blacks, or all urban areas, and blacks-living-in-large-inner-cities ought to be apparent to everyone. 2) Mr. Markman surely knows enough about what goes into the overall victimization rate (being murdered and the theft of loose change from your desk drawer each count one) to be a little embarrassed about using it. 3) Does he seriously think I'm wrong?

Charles Murray
Manhattan Institute for Policy Research
New York, N.Y.

Finders, Keepers?

I don't know if you found Dee Rivers Stimpson ["Portrait of a Revolution," June 24], or if she found you. But whoever did the finding, she's a find! More please.

Richard Selden Jones
Louisville, Ky.

The Altruistic Personality

We very much appreciate the column by Richard John Neuhaus, "The Altruistic Personality" [June 10], in effect a review of the book of the same title that Free Press has just published. As Pastor Neuhaus rightly points out, this study by Samuel and Pearl Oliner should be paired with the monumental *Authoritarian Personality* study, which, forty years ago, pioneered the examination of the personality that tended toward fascism. That study was the conception of Dr. John Slawson, at the time Executive Vice President of the American Jewish Committee. A fund in Dr. Slawson's honor has since provided the major support for the Oliner study, which explores the motivations and experiences of those who aided Jews during the Holocaust. As the Oliner book generously acknowledges, this latest study "lends a particularly appropriate unity" to the "unusually productive career" of my illustrious predecessor.

Ira Silverman
Executive Vice President
The American Jewish Committee
New York, N.Y.

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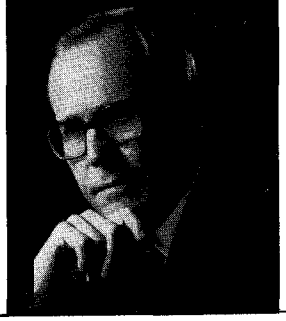

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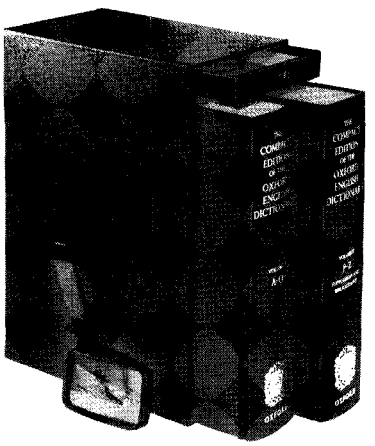

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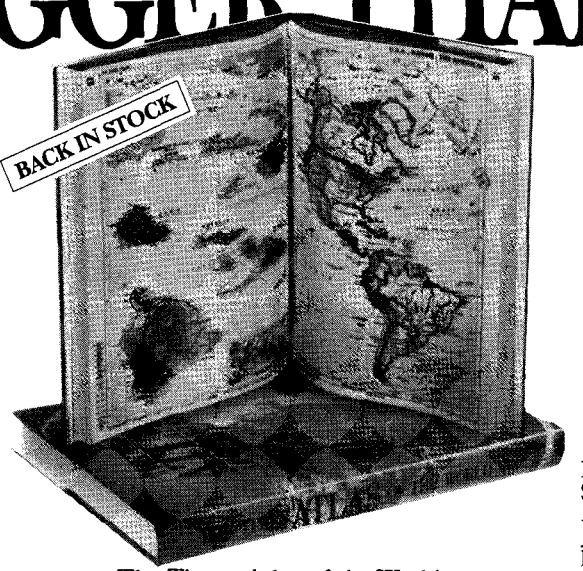

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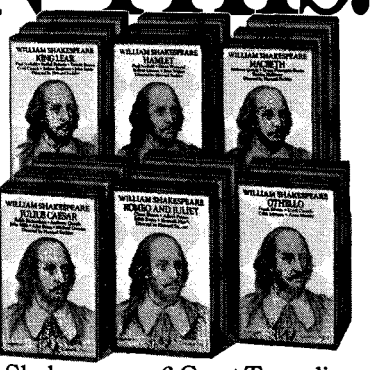

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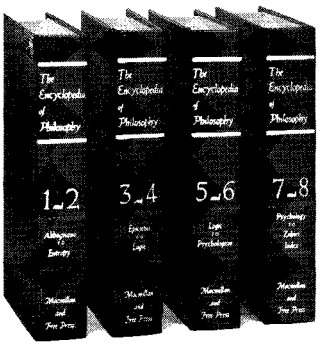

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FOR THE RECORD

As the Democrats meet in Atlanta with their pre-packaged slate, attention turns to **Bush** vice-presidential choice, with a couple of new names floated. *Boston Herald* columnist **Niles Lathem** reports "a major crusade" under way to pick black NSC advisor Lieut. Gen. **Colin Powell**, whose skills in planning Moscow Summit were widely noted. . . . *Washington Post* liberal columnist **Mark Shields** (a **MacNeil-Lehrer** regular) makes case for New York U.S. Attorney **Rudolph Giuliani**, who has splashily taken on both the Mafia and Wall Street. Bush met with Giuliani last week, the *N.Y. Daily News* reported, but said Giuliani denied they discussed a big job in Washington. . . . Also increasingly visible, a grassroots boom for former UN Amb. **Jeane Kirkpatrick**. . . . In run-up column to the Atlanta Convention, **Mary McGrory** warned Democrats that the **Jesse Jackson** problem will not go away with the convention. "Jackson," she said, "has found his calling. It is reminding Democrats that he is wonderful and powerful, and nobody must forget it for a moment."

Democrats may be the party of compassion and civil rights but the only two blacks running for Senate this year are Republicans: **Maurice Dawkins** in Virginia, against the very popular **Chuck Robb**; and former U.S. Ass't Sec. of State **Alan Keyes** against **Paul Sarbanes** in Maryland. (The same state convention that named Dawkins appointed conservative heavyweight **Morton Blackwell** Republican National Committeeman for Virginia.) . . . Helped by **Bentsen** choice, chances of **George Voinovich**. With **John Glenn** on ticket, fellow Ohioan Sen. **Howard Metzenbaum** would have been helped. . . . FEC reports **Lowell Weicker** has amassed $1.8 million for re-election campaign against Conn. Attorney General **Joseph Lieberman**. Weicker, whose ADA rating is twenty

Allen, *Punch* / Rothco

"They used to call them schools."

points higher than **Chris Dodd**'s, goes into the race cocky as always. "There may be Republicans out there who don't want to vote for Lowell Weicker," he says, "but they are not going to vote for Joe Lieberman." . . . In New York, Sen. **Moynihan** is not worried about challenge from Communist peace activist **Charlene Mitchell**, but he can't like her description of him as "a Reaganite in liberal clothing." . . . Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee has targeted Republican Rep. **Newt Gingrich** for political extinction, presumably for the sin of *lèse-majesté*. It was Gingrich who rang the bell on **Jim Wright**.

Nice diplomatic touch. In announcing expulsion of U.S. Amb. **Richard Melton** from Nicaragua, Foreign Minister **Miguel d'Escoto Brockmann** called Melton "a robot of the maniacal [**Elliot**] **Abrams**." . . . By closing down Radio Católica last week, the Sandinistas violated peace treaty **Daniel Ortega** signed with four other Central American presidents last August. . . . Disenchantment with Sandinista rule is by no means all political. Inflation in Nicaragua is running between 4,000 and 5,000 per cent annually and has reduced average worker's buying power by about 90 per cent. Ortega admits that in past five years half the budget has gone for military spending. . . . In West Germany, Arab hijacker **Mohammad Ali Hamadei** has finally gone on trial for murder of U.S. Navy diver **Robert Stethem** in 1985 TWA hijacking. Bonn refused to extradite Hamadei and is trying him in juvenile court, where maximum sentence is ten years. . . . At recent Arab summit in Algiers, Col. **Qaddafi** wore white glove on his right hand to "avoid contact with a hand that shook the hand of **Shimon Peres**." Said hand belongs to King **Hussein** of Jordan.

Here and there. Question: Which publisher will pick up former Jesse Jackson campaign aide **Elizabeth Colton**'s explosive book on Jackson, the office tyrant, when it's finished next month? . . . Hollywood observer **Ben Stein** to question on *Crossfire* on leftist bias in Hollywood: In all his years in Hollywood, said Stein, he has never run into another Republican in Writers Guild—which has ten thousand plus members. . . . *American Heritage* magazine poll of journalists and historians finds **John F. Kennedy** the most over-rated public figure in U.S. history, **Ronald Reagan** the second most over-rated. Tied for most underrated: **Eisenhower**, **John Quincy Adams**, **Ulysses S. Grant**, and **James K. Polk**. . . . Coast Guard Adm. **Paul A. Yost Jr.** finds it passing strange that Congress has voted $2 billion to expand Pentagon role in war on drugs when this year's congressional budget cuts forced a 55 per cent slash in Coast Guard drug patrols. . . . The Anti-Defamation League has updated its useful *Extremism on the Right* handbook. . . . Officials at Bush campaign committee have no knowledge of Americans for Bush Committee, **E. I. Fediay** chairman, which has sent out huge mailings in recent weeks.

In case you haven't noticed, Democratic National Chairman **Paul Kirk**'s four co-chairmen at Democratic Convention included two women (one black, **Lottie Shackelford**; one Jewish, **Madeleine Kunin**), two men (one Asian-American, **Norman Mineta**; one Hispanic, **Toney Anaya**). Didn't **James Watt** get fired for calling attention to that kind of thing?

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THE WEEK

☐ LIBERAL DILEMMA DEPT.: Tom Hayden, upon returning from a visit with Solidarity leaders in Poland: "There has to be some way to appreciate the brutality of the Soviet Union toward human rights without becoming a cold-warrior."

☐ When the Gallup poll released June 30 showed George Bush climbing suddenly to a mere three-point deficit against Michael Dukakis, the pundits cast about for explanations. Here is what they've come up with: 1) The Dukakis campaign resembles Tom Dewey's 1948 campaign, selling "competence" but weak on persuasive examples; Dukakis's "good manager" image was hurt by recent revelations of the Massachusetts budget deficit. 2) Dukakis was immensely aided by running against the extremist Jesse Jackson and thus seeming moderate; now Dukakis is on his own. 3) The feeling is spreading that there is less to Dukakis than meets the eye. 4) Massachusetts's prisoner furloughs and Dukakis's veto of a bill mandating the Pledge of Allegiance in public schools are grounds for suspicion. 5) The Massachusetts of George McGovern, Ted Kennedy, and John Kerry is not one of our most popular states.

☐ "A ticket that will never look so good as it does the day it is unveiled." So Evans & Novak, in a recent column, described a Bush-Dole slate, attributing the thought to "Bush insiders." Whoever thought it, it bears pondering—as does E&N's alternative for Veep, Jack Kemp. The argument for Dole is strong on the face of it: he was the Republican runner-up; he ran strongest in the economically depressed and populist-leaning Midwest, where Bush ran weakest. Yet Kemp can put his own spin on the same facts. Just because Dole finished in second place does *not* mean he was the party's second choice; it is an open secret that the man the Bush campaign feared most throughout 1987 was Kemp, because of his strong appeal to the Reagan constituency (Bush argued, successfully, that he was Reagan's heir apparent, and went on to mop up the Dole and Robertson forces at leisure). Kemp, uniquely in the party, has shown interest in expanding that constituency; why shouldn't the Midwest vote right, if it is shown that it is in its interest to do so? The greatest weakness of a Bush-Dole pairing is their functional similarity. Bob Dole, 65, has been around even longer than George Bush, 64. At one point in their careers, they even held the same job, chairman of the Republican National Committee, back to back—and that was 15 years ago. Bush-Kemp would give the ticket some much-needed fresh air.

☐ George Bush has come out in opposition to discrimination against AIDS carriers, raising the question whether he thinks the best way to beat a Massachusetts liberal is by usurping his positions. "Discrimination against" is, of course, one of the most loaded phrases in public discourse, obscuring as it does the occasional appropriateness of discrimination *between*. Washington, D.C., for example, now forbids medical-insurance companies to impose higher premiums on those who carry the AIDS virus, which is like forbidding them to impose higher premiums on fat smokers. Liberalism has turned its fire from irrational to rational discrimination, putting taboos on the empirical. What a time for Ronald Reagan's designated heir to be adopting its postures.

☐ The news item: George Bush promises to appoint a Hispanic to his Cabinet. AP headline: "Bush Won't Promise to Put Blacks, Women in Cabinet, Despite Hispanic Pledge."

☐ Wanted: Black Hispanic lady for light Cabinet duty.

☐ As if that weren't enough bad news, the publisher of a blue-blood directory (royalties from royal ties?) has found that Mr. Bush is a direct descendant of King Henry VII, and also of Henry VIII's younger sister Mary, who married King Louis XII of France, and also of one of Charles II's mistresses, all of which makes him the 13th cousin, twice removed, of Queen Elizabeth II.

☐ Reports of an impending Soviet troop withdrawal from Hungary—a favor from Gorbachev to the new regime of Károly Grosz—should be greeted with a certain wariness, and with three questions. 1) How many are going? Sixty-five thousand (that is, the number the Soviets have in Hungary now)? Or fewer? If fewer, how many? 2) Where will they go, and for how long? Will the Soviets be engaged in routine troop rotation? Will Soviet units simply be pulled

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON is holding its breath and waiting for the big one. The big what? Why, the big terrorist attack, of course. Supposedly, it will be launched by Iranian mullahs in retaliation for the downing of Iran Air 655 by the *Vincennes*. It will be executed, naturally, by a team of suicide commandos looking for a short-cut to the right hand of Allah.

The security types don't talk about it much, of course, but they are said to be very nervous. In the Capitol building, lines of tourists can be seen emptying their pockets of paper clips before passing through metal detectors that, once, didn't seem to pick up anything much more subtle than a filing cabinet.

At the White House . . . Well it's always hard to know what is happening at the White House. But the rumor is that the shrouds now cloaking the executive mansion conceal more than a small army of plasterers and painters deployed to touch things up a bit. The rumor is that White House security systems, which are rumored to include a battery of surface-to-air missiles, are receiving a thorough overhaul.

The jitters extend to Atlanta, where the Democrats congregated July 18. Apparently, the Secret Service has been combing through the names of all individuals who have been granted access to the OMNI coliseum. One can only guess what they are looking for —and how they will know if they've found it.

But that seems beside the point. Ever since 243 Marines fell victim to a suicide car bomber at their Beirut barracks in 1983, official Washington has been seized with the fear that the same might—no, correct that—that the same will happen here. Is Cato exaggerating? Never mind the fact that people in Washington are always joking about it. Just take a look around the place.

Massive concrete "planters" have sprouted about the city like so many crocuses in spring. One must wonder whether the Secret Service has hired a full-time horticulturist. Meanwhile, simple concrete barricades, suggestive of an anti-terrorist Maginot line, ring the perimeter of the White House—no attempt here to disguise their function by bedecking them with daffodils. Okay, the White House is a fortress. But those barricades lend a depressingly bunker-like air to one of the country's most gracious structures.

Security zealots on Capitol Hill have advised lawmakers to give up license plates that proclaim the owner of the vehicle to be a member of Congress (to protect them from terrorists, one wonders, or from their constituents?). Meanwhile, lawmakers are in the process of banishing all cars from the main Capitol parking lot; where asphalt laps at the front steps of the Capitol building, their plan—perhaps the only one where the drive for enhanced security will help beautify the Capitol —calls for a new lawn and shrubs. But, much to the altogether appropriate horror of many of these same lawmakers, the security folks also want to erect a White House-style fence around the Capitol grounds.

The funny thing is, after all the tumult and turmoil in the Middle East since the Beirut bombing, the much ballyhooed terrorist offensive has not hit these shores. Remember when we bombed Colonel Qaddafi's headquarters in 1984? Washington braced itself for a reign of terror. Instead, all we got were a few heavy-breathing phone calls by groups with names like People's Organization Against America.

Heaven forbid Cato should eat his words next week. But, at least so far, the bark of the Middle East community of fanatics seems much worse than its bite. Credit that, perhaps, to the FBI and the CIA; one can only imagine what those agencies may have nipped in the bud. But credit also the Commander-in-Chief, who has shown willingness to brave considerable political opposition at home and stand up to terrorism abroad. The U.S. strike against Libya, the U.S. presence in the Persian Gulf—including last year's attack on an Iranian oil platform and, yes, the tragic deaths of 290 individuals who found themselves caught in the crossfire of modern geopolitics—have sent a clear message: The U.S. is not to be tangled with lightly. —CATO

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across the Hungarian-Soviet border? This question is important, since forward redeployment is always politically easier in their half of Europe than in ours. 3) Where else will they be withdrawn from? Hungary, as it happens, does not share a border with any NATO country. Czechoslovakia and East Germany, which have the lion's share of Soviet troops, do. When the legions start leaving their camps in these crusted Stalinist regimes, it will be time to take notice. Until then, we should congratulate the Hungarians—and keep our powder dry.

☐ Jonas Savimbi has been fighting for Angolan independence for over two decades, first against the Portuguese, now against the Cubans. This month he's touring the U.S., speaking to black audiences and black leaders, hoping to break the lock pro-Soviet thinking appears to have on American black politics. Savimbi's main PR problem is that UNITA—his organization of Angolan freedom fighters—receives aid from South Africa. He counters by reminding critics that the Cuban army is next door and has grown from 45,000 to 57,000 troops since regional "peace" talks started, and that UNITA has the support of several black African countries, including Nigeria, the Ivory Coast, and Kenya. Only Soviet satellites such as Mozambique support the ruling MPLA (Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola), which called the Cubans in to back their power-play after the Portuguese left in 1975. Michael Dukakis, meanwhile, making another "tough decision," has called for an immediate end to aid for Savimbi because the freedom fighters "inflame" the situation. So did Sam Adams.

☐ Recent events in Managua confirm that there is no *glasnost* in Nicaragua. Minutes after protestors assembled to ask "that the Sandinista government live up to its promise to bring democracy," as one speaker put it, Sandinista troops charged the crowd, beating demonstrators with clubs and rifle butts, and

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hurling Russian tear-gas grenades. Thirty-eight people were arrested, including the leaders of the three opposition parties. "Maybe armed resistance is the only way," said a member of the Social Democratic Party.

☐ Israel wants Gorbachev's Jews, and is upset that many elect to come to the U.S. instead. Many Russian Jews are allegedly using Israeli visas to get out of the Soviet Union, then taking advantage of an American policy, which gives those with "refugee status" instant admission to the United States, to switch planes in Vienna and come here. The Israeli cabinet has announced plans to fly the refugees directly to Israel, or else route them through Bucharest, where it's more difficult to change planes. Now, you certainly can't blame anyone for preferring to come to a country with less socialism and no West Bank; and no matter how much Israel needs immigrants, she would be better off with willing ones. On the other hand, our automatic-admission rule is supposed to apply only to refugees who have no alternative; those who are coming here mainly for economic reasons should have to get in line like everyone else.

☐ Where do tramontanist Catholics dwell these days? In the Lefebvre swamps, of course.

☐ The politburo of Schaumburg, Illinois, is planning to ban Good Humor trucks.

☐ Mike Dukakis sounds a little disappointed that Ed Meese wasn't indicted. Presumably he'd been hoping for a chance to furlough him.

Bread and Circuses

THEY PULLED DOWN the Big Top, rolled up the red banners, and headed for the stations and airports in long black limos, taxis, and buses. Mikhail Gorbachev's spectacular—the first All-Union Soviet Party Conference in 47 years—was SRO worldwide. There were the thousands of sober-faced delegates in their dowdy dark clothes in the center ring for four long days. While the world—and their own astonished countrymen—watched, they argued and fought; they said the unthinkable about Gromyko and Arbatov and others of the Old Guard: that they should be dismissed; they criticized the Party, the KGB, and the bureaucrats who have run their lives for seventy years. And in the end, when the hoopla had subsided, they did what they had been called together to do—they passed Gorbachev's new agenda. In the end, like their predecessors in the great Palace of Congresses, they voted *da*.

The delegates—elected from the ranks of Party regulars—were, most of them, cool to ideas of sudden, galvanic change. Three years of *perestroika* have not shortened bread lines, put stylish shoes in stores, or improved the plumbing. The Party regulars are suspicious of experiments that could upset their lives without delivering the promised rewards. They were not swept up, as the intelligentsia, the press, the artistic and cultural world in the Soviet Union has been, by the heady wine of incremental freedoms that Mikhail Gorbachev has uncorked. A monument to the victims of Stalinism excites Sakharov more than it seemed to excite the families and sometimes even the surviving victims of that tyrant. Stalin died 35 years ago. Gulag and the KGB remain a fact of Soviet life today under Gorbachev as they did under Khrushchev, Brezhnev, Andropov, Chernenko. "Somewhere over the rainbow" is not for them.

For Gorbachev it was another high-wire triumph. He comes out of the conference with enhanced powers domestically. But it is internationally that he scored the grand slam. *Glasnost* and *perestroika* have disarmed the West. Gorbachev is everyone's man of the hour. He has brought off four Summits in three years and signed an INF treaty. He's moving out of Afghanistan, a no-win situation he inherited, and there's talk of a Vietnamese withdrawal from Cambodia, a possible Cuban withdrawal from Angola. He hints he'll pull his troops out of Hungary and even lofts the suggestion that he may reveal the truth about the Katyn Forest massacre of captured Polish officers early in World War II, a forty-year-old piece of holy Soviet disinformation.

All eyes are on him but not enough on those military assembly lines that have not slowed in their production of planes, tanks, and missiles since Gorbachev took charge.

Gulf Questions

AN INTERESTING ASPECT of the reaction to Iran Air 655 was that almost no one compared it to KAL 007. Apart from a few obvious exceptions—Jesse Jackson, Alexander Cockburn—pols and press acknowledged the different circumstances of the two disasters. The Iranian airliner was traversing an international hot spot. The Korean plane was flying over territory that was decidedly cool. The captain of the *Vincennes* had to make up his mind in minutes. The Soviets had KAL 007 on their screens for two and a half hours.

Serious questions remain.

Is it true that the billion-dollar Aegis combat system cannot distinguish between an Airbus and an F-14? Critics of our military hardware have been having a field day with this one. Yet ultimately it is human beings who must make the decisions. The human actors on the *Vincennes* were under pressures—the fatal strike on the frigate *Stark* a year earlier; a scrap

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The VAT Lobby

At a June 21 meeting of the American League of Lobbyists, Charls E. Walker, chairman of the American Council for Capital Formation, predicted that the next President will impose a value-added tax, because he will want to "get a recession out of the way early." Mr. Walker is as enthusiastic about value-added taxes as he is about the resulting recession. In fact, he recently wrote to all members of the National Economic Commission, seeking support for a $90-billion VAT.

This uneasy case for a VAT begins with a familiar lecture in Calvinism: "At less than 2 per cent of *gross* national product," writes Mr. Walker, "the U.S. rate of *net* domestic saving has fallen to a dangerously low level." Note that savings are here being defined "net" of depreciation. But that "net" figure is then divided by *gross* national product, to make savings and investment look smaller than they are.

If I fully depreciate an old IBM typewriter and replace it with a computer at the same cost, then there is no "net" investment at all. Indeed, the more we invest in inexpensive high-tech equipment, the worse "net" investment and savings are apt to look. That is partly because modern equipment *saves space*, so that smaller offices and factories can produce more output without high real-estate costs. Since high-tech equipment wears out faster than buildings, this means the accountants have to write off more investment each year. Because the U.S. capital stock has been getting newer and more up-to-date, estimated annual depreciation has soared.

Another trick is to simply count household and government *investments* as "consumption." Since savings are arbitrarily defined as income minus consumption, counting home computers and FAX machines as consumption necessarily lowers measured savings. The fact that other countries count government public works as investments, while the U.S. does not, also greatly reduces U.S. savings and investment, compared with other countries.

Moreover, all the VAT enthusiasts (including Peter G. Peterson and Dukakis advisor Larry Summers) always express investment and savings as a *percentage* of GNP. This emphasis on how a "given" GNP is divided up is based on static, zero-sum reasoning. It would obviously be much better to be investing an unchanged percentage of a *growing* economy than (as in much of Europe) a falling share of a virtually stagnant economy. To compound this deception, Mr. Walker's percentages are for *nominal* investment and GNP—unadjusted for inflation. During the Reagan years, unlike the Carter years, inflation in prices of capital equipment has been even slower than the inflation in GNP. So, Mr. Walker divides the *uninflated* investment by *inflated* GNP in order to make investment look small relative to GNP, when what has actually been small is inflation in the cost of capital equipment. *Real* investment has been much higher than at any previous peak, and sustained over a much longer period.

Mr. Walker correctly notes that "a slow rate of national investment . . . can cause recession and higher unemployment in the short run, stagnation in the long run." The fact that unemployment is instead at a 14-year low, and the U.S. economy continuing to grow at almost a 4 per cent pace for the sixth year, means that—by his own reasoning—capital formation in the United States must be very vigorous indeed. It is instead the countries that already have a VAT that have high unemployment and stagnation.

Mr. Walker argues that "the low savings rate is the main cause of the trade deficit." But, of course, a high investment rate can just as well be the cause of the trade deficit. He worries that paying interest and dividends to foreigners who choose to finance capital formation in the U.S. "will require real transfers of resources abroad . . . [which] can cause lower living standards for our children and grandchildren." Yet increased capital formation does *not* lower future living standards, even if those who helped finance it get a fair share of the resulting added production.

Finally, Mr. Walker asks members of the National Economic Commission to take the leap of faith, and believe that taxes really *are* savings: "The quickest and surest route to a higher domestic saving rate," he claims, "is to reduce the deficit in the federal budget." Yet there are many things the government might *attempt* to do, in the hope of speeding up the record flow of real tax receipts, that would mainly discourage private economic activity. And without growth of output and income, there is not going to be any growth of either real tax receipts or private savings.

The economic necessity of restraining government *purchases* is to free up real resources, such as labor and machines, for more productive private uses. Any new tax, by contrast, is designed to free up *private* resources for *government* uses. There is no way that two such contradictory objectives can be achieved by Mr. Walker's mixture of unspecified spending restraint and quite specific huge new value-added taxes.

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with Iranian gunboats moments earlier—that no combat system could lighten. Modern technology creates pressures of its own. If you are told that a mystery plane is x miles away, and that it may contain weapons whose range is x plus y miles, the safety of your crew impels you to act.

Should the *Vincennes*, and the rest of the Navy contingent, be where it is? The Navy has shown itself capable of sweeping mines and stifling gunboats. Is it imprudently exposed, if Chinese-made Silkworm missiles get into the act? Does the shore, at this stage in military history, have capabilities that the sea cannot cope with, short of an all-out counterattack? The Navy seems to be like a school crossing guard armed with a bazooka, patrolling an alleyway that *might* harbor snipers.

The economic rationale for patrolling the Gulf was always clear. If Gulf oil stopped flowing, the world market—not just Japanese and Western European customers—would feel the blow. It is not asking a loaded question to inquire: Is the Navy appropriate to the task? And if not, what is?

The Meese Record

WHEN NATIONAL REVIEW called on Attorney General Meese to step down ("The Week," June 24), we noted that "the Meese Justice Department has been one of the vanguards of conservatism in Reagan's Washington—at times, one of the only ones—consistently advancing good people and good causes." That is the point, in the wake of Meese's departure, which should be stressed.

Almost singlehandedly, Attorney General Meese made "original intent" a fighting issue in the country at large, and among conservatives. The struggle reached its height of ferocity—and demagogy—in the Bork nomination, which the Left sees as a grotesque aberration. It will go down, instead, as a battle of Bunker Hill or of Bull Run, for the constitutional and political issues, which Ed Meese began to raise, are simply too important and too central to be ignored.

Attorney General Meese also helped bring about the appointment of some two hundred federal judges, all of high quality—unlike the many hacks, crooks, and sexual and racial sops of the Carter years.

James McKay, the independent counsel commissioned to dig up whatever dirt he could, returned no indictments, so there goes a year of partisan slander and innuendo. However one may judge his prudence, Ed Meese retires with his honor absolutely intact, and his job well done.

Will Jim Wright Go to Jail?

REPRESENTATIVE GEORGE HANSEN went to prison for violating Congress's financial-disclosure laws, even after he had amended his past filings to bring them into line with the facts. The jury decided that he had been hiding his wife's financial relationship with Nelson Bunker Hunt.

When Representative Newt Gingrich began to get on the spoor of Speaker Wright, third in line for the Presidency and destined to chair the Atlanta convention, Wright hastily amended his filings for the years 1980-1986, tacitly admitting that he had not been complying with the law.

He had plenty to hide. His paperback volume, *Reflections of a Public Man*, is a skimpy collection of boilerplate speeches and forgettable anecdotes. It was published by a crony, one Carlos Moore, who had never previously published a single book. In one of the most peculiar arrangements in the history of publishing, Wright received $3.25 on each copy of the $5.95 book—about 55 per cent. The usual paperback contract awards the author 6 to 8 per cent. A Fort Worth developer, Gene Payte, bought one thousand copies and gave them to one thousand close friends. Another 17,000 copies were bought by influential lobbyists, including the Teamsters Union. No doubt they discern literary merit the critics have failed to see.

We have tried to find a copy of the Wright opus, suddenly a collectors' item, at several large urban bookstores, but without success. We have not had time to check at outlying truck stops. We have a vision of truckers resting in the cabs of their vehicles, poring over the wisdom of Jim Wright.

The Speaker calls the $60,000 he gained from this transaction "royalties." Others call it a payoff, maybe bribery. (Remember that John Connally had to stand trial—he was acquitted—for allegedly taking $10,000 from the milk producers? Remember the fuss over Geraldine Ferraro's disclosure forms? She too had "nothing to hide." That was before her husband pleaded guilty to defrauding a mortgage broker and a securities firm in a real-estate transaction.)

Speaker Wright also failed to report on his concealed assets in Mallightco, a partnership he had with a Fort Worth developer named George Mallick. This

Ol' Man River

They're waitin' on the levee, but
All folks can see is mud,
While on the dredgers, engineers
Keep dreaming of the flood
When stewards on the *Delta Queen*
Got tossed about on deck
And Grandma scaled the gutter with
The cat clamped to her neck.

W. H. VON DREELE

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relationship, its net worth to Wright (it dealt importantly in uncut gemstones), and possible conflict-of-interest questions have yet to be plumbed. Ditto Mr. Wright's Washington efforts on behalf of troubled savings-&-loan outfits—"constituency service," the Speaker calls it. An educated guess is that other terms might be more appropriate.

The bill of particulars issued by the House so-called Ethics Committee moves gingerly away from the real issues in the Wright case. It looks like a cover-up, coming up. For example, on the paperback scam, the committee plans to investigate only whether *campaign funds* were being diverted to the book project instead of being stashed away for the Speaker's retirement. This is hardly the nub of the matter. The issue is the large purchases by the Teamsters and other literati —the money-laundering and potential bribery angles. And so on, down the line.

The lid is only beginning to be pried off this garbage can. Don't let them get away with it, Gingrich. Sock it to them, Bush.

An Opening through Closing

ADVANCE WARNING of plant closings always seemed like a small issue on which to oppose a huge trade bill. So the Democrats simply put plant-closing notification in a separate bill, which passed both Houses of Congress by a huge margin. To the average voter, advance warning of when a plant is about to close seems like simple fairness. After all, proponents argue, Europe has similar legislation. Yes. And Europe also has unemployment rates that are twice as high as ours. Indeed, Europeans define "Eurosclerosis" as rigid labor markets—regulatory obstacles to moving workers from where they are redundant to industries and regions where they could produce more, and therefore *earn* more.

It isn't just workers who would get extra warning under the plant-closing bill, but also customers, suppliers, and creditors. Cut off from supplies and credit, with customers switching to reliable rivals, a distressed firm would not even *last* sixty days. Yet such a firm would nonetheless be obliged to pay workers for a long vacation. Actually, "plant closing" is a misnomer, because the law also provides advance warning for "mass" layoffs. It would be a dangerously simple step to later change that to include advance warning for virtually *any* layoffs, which could then amount to two months' severance pay for even temporary, cyclical workers. By making it too costly to fire workers, such legislation would make businesses reluctant to hire them in the first place. By making it too costly to close a plant, such legislation would make it safer to open plants in some other country.

But these concerns were never clearly articulated by the Reagan Administration, so the issue is lost. That has opened the door for the trade bill, since plant closing was a convenient diversion to avoid public examination of actual trade issues. But the trade bill is a law without a purpose. Was it intended to pressure other countries to buy more U.S. exports? Our factories are already running flat-out, and our parched farms have nothing more to sell. Was the trade bill intended to "save jobs"? The unemployment rate is down to 5.2 per cent, and the newer worry is "labor shortages."

What the trade bill would do is make it much easier for industry lobbyists to restrict competition by calling virtually any trade "unfair," or a source of "injury." The bill also transfers authority over trade policy from the President to the U.S. Trade Representative, who almost has a mandate to favor producers over consumers. A flood of tariffs and quotas, each seemingly small when considered separately, could easily provoke nasty retaliation.

One simple amendment could limit the trade bill's dangers. That would be to require approval by the President before any trade actions were taken under the "Super 301" provisions dealing with "unfair" trade. That would provide checks and balances against the dominance of regional interests, by incorporating the broader counsel of Cabinet officials concerned with diplomacy and economics. Without such an amendment, any President would surely have to veto this congressional assault on Executive authority.

Swan Song

SAD TO RELATE, Michael Harrington, the socialist author of *The Other America*, has terminal cancer. His admirers gathered in Manhattan the other evening to pay tribute. Tears fell, and hair was let down.

The event was a who's-who of the hare-brained: Ed Asner, Ted Kennedy, Gloria Steinem, Eleanor Holmes Norton, William Winpisinger, César Chavez, Jules Feiffer, and of course—no convention of the ungodly is complete without one—a Catholic bishop, Joseph Sullivan of Brooklyn.

Harrington himself, though shockingly wizened by his affliction, was in good form, joking about "the S word." Ted Kennedy said, "Some call it socialism. I call it the Sermon on the Mount." The crowd sang "The Internationale" (you expected "God Bless America," maybe?), and there was much nervous joking about that S word. "Never can the word be given up!" cried Paul Berman in *The Village Voice*, reviewing the occasion a week later.

Harrington himself has urged the Democratic Party to come right out with it and call itself a socialist party, in which we may as well join him. But he's fairly content with the party as it is. "I share an immediate program with liberals in this country because the best liberalism leads toward socialism," he

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told the *New York Times*. Whom does he support this year? "I'm assuming the election of Michael Dukakis. That's the first step. I supported Jesse Jackson in the primaries, but I'm very much for Dukakis. Reagan created a mythic interlude, and the new President will have to confront the problems he neglected. There will be new possibilities for talking to the people and changing things and creating another America. A Democratic Administration always opens up a space for those who stand on the left."

Dukakis-Bentsen

MICHAEL DUKAKIS's selection of Senator Lloyd Bentsen of Texas for his running-mate has several obvious plusses for the Democrats, not least of which is the fact that he did it the week before he went to Atlanta (no abortive Jesse-for-Veep booms at *this* convention). Dukakis can be expected to have a lot of fun with the fact that his running-mate once beat George Bush, in a Texas Senate race in 1970.

In other respects it is problematic. Bentsen is a handsome man but a dull fellow (his own stab at a presidential nomination, in 1976, cost a bucket of money, went nowhere, and folded in a matter of months). Bentsen, it is said, will help in Texas. True enough—but Bentsen was already running for re-election to the Senate; the Bentsen machine would have been pulling for the ticket in any case. What additional benefit does Dukakis gain?

But the great significance of the Bentsen pick is ideological. Dukakis has elected to spurn the Left. They won't like it, but they have no place else to go if they want to end Republican Executive hegemony, which they do. Dukakis, it is plain, intends to continue to project a moderate image. The job of puncturing that image, which George Bush must undertake, becomes all the more difficult.

Mexican Hayride

MEXICO's ever victorious Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI) has frequently been accused of stealing state and local elections, but never before of stealing the presidency. Over the last sixty years it has unfailingly won that office without any need for its vaunted talent for *alquimia electoral*.

This year was different. Leaders of the two main opposition parties—Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas Solarzano of the upstart National Democratic Front (FDN) and Manuel Clouthier of the National Action Party (PAN)—cried out, We wuz robbed. And they might be right. Of course, that doesn't mean that either Clouthier or the son of former President Lázaro Cárdenas is about to don the presidential sash come the first of December. It does mean, however, that both parties won more votes in this election than any opposition party has ever won since the PRI got going back in 1929.

Of greater importance, it means that Mexico no longer is a one-party state. Early but unofficial returns show that the PRI's candidate, Carlos Salinas de Gortari, lost to Cárdenas in several states, including the state of Mexico and the federal district, where vast numbers of the PRI's three million bureaucrats live. That reflects a sharp division within the PRI itself: Salinas was resented by a large segment of the party because he, like his mentor, President Miguel de la Madrid, was never a party stalwart.

Government ineptitude in handling the vote count helped amplify cries of fraud. In previous years election returns began to pour in soon after the polls closed. This year a great computer layout was expected to do still better, but the computer "crashed" almost as soon as it was cranked up; five days after the election, returns were still trickling in. A spokesman for a watchdog group charged that the initial returns so frightened PRI officials that they decided to introduce "cybernetic fraud" into the count.

Whetever the immediate outcome, profound political change seems inevitable in Mexico. The near future could see far better organized opposition on both right and left and a strong advance toward the first genuine democracy in Mexico's long history.

The Spell Is Broken

With air exhaling in a *whoosh*,
Republicans and Mr. Bush
Allowed their diaphragms to flex
As Mr. Meese removed his hex,
While voters marveled, all agog
At Bush, so recently a frog.

W. H. VON DREELE

Lefebvre at Bat

THE SCHISM within the Catholic Church is sad news, and both parties are to blame. The aging Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre seems to accumulate fresh differences with Vatican II every few weeks. But at the root of his misunderstanding is his failure to acknowledge that Vatican II is, as to substance, irreversible. It is as much a part of Catholic teaching as Vatican I, with which Lefebvre has no quarrels. His position against the idea of salvation outside the Church is quite simply extinct within the vibrant Catholic community, which includes the last four popes at least. Catholics who resent this can take satisfaction in insisting that theirs is nevertheless the one

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true Church, through which the Holy Spirit informs the Christian flock generally. Meanwhile, the bishops consecrated by Lefebvre are cut off from Rome. They are therefore without Sees. Although they possess the powers of bishops, they are lacking in jurisdiction and, in due course, will become vermiform appendices.

We note that the Vatican, thrashing about in its efforts to keep the schismatic flock small, may make further concessions regarding the Tridentine Mass (the traditional Mass, said in Latin). Two years ago, Rome made a tentative move in the direction of permitting the Tridentine Mass, but it was an ad-hoc arrangement. In order actually to get such a Mass said, Catholics had to organize almost as if they were engaging in a political primary. Now, however, there are reports that a forthcoming letter from Rome will greatly relax the rules. The objective of the traditionalists is to return to each priest the authority, at his election, to say the Tridentine Mass, in Latin.

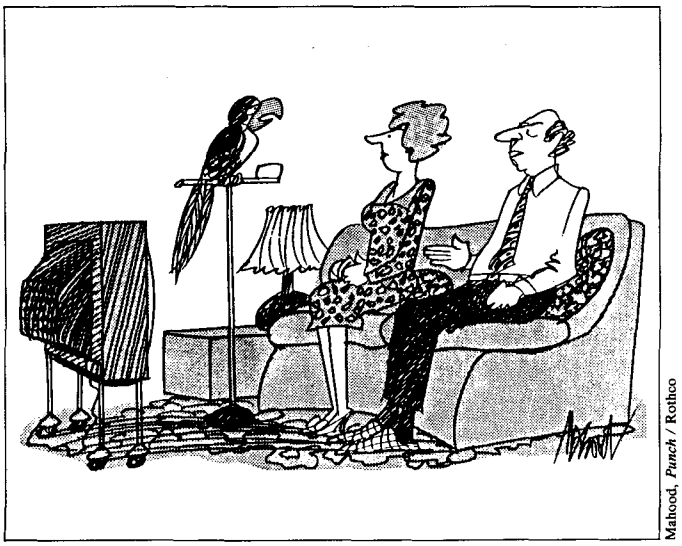
The majority of those dissatisfied with the modern Church are not ideologues. Their quarrel is with the politicized Church, with gay nuns and liturgy given in English so ear-grating as to raise the question whether the words being spoken were coined by the anti-Christ with the purpose of imposing aesthetic pain on Catholics every Sunday, and on Holy Days of Obligation. The most cosmopolitan pope of this century has been strangely inattentive to this point. He will find, if he restores the liberty of the Tridentine Latin Mass, that much of the sentiment that, waylaid by the ideologues, resulted in Lefebvrism will have dissipated.

The Second Dartmouth College Case

THAT GATHERING DARKNESS on the horizon represents a series of lawsuits against Dartmouth College, the papers for which will be filed shortly in both federal and state courts. The suits arise out of an incident last winter in which three students received draconian disciplinary sentences for participating in a brief and nonviolent confrontation with a black music professor. The operative word here is *black*.

The nineteenth-century Dartmouth College case, in which Daniel Webster represented the college and won, remains a classic of constitutional history. The present case also raises profound questions of constitutional law and public policy.

The students, who are represented by one of the nation's leading law firms, are charging racial discrimination—unequal treatment because they are white. Given the tolerance Dartmouth has shown toward disturbances by black students in the last few years, this charge seems valid on the face of it. Moreover, the three plaintiffs allege that Dartmouth's new president, James Freedman, gratuitously, repeatedly, and publicly attempted to turn the affair into a racial incident, prejudicing the disciplinary hearings and defaming his own students. The case thus calls into legal question the whole matter of double standards and reverse discrimination. (If Dartmouth is found guilty of a civil-rights violation, the $30 million in federal grants it receives each year would, under the Grove City legislation, be in jeopardy.)



Mahood, *Punch* / Rothco

"He's even beginning to nod his head like Dukakis."

But the case has other dimensions. It seems inconceivable, for example, that two of the students would have been suspended for 18 months for their alleged infraction except that they were editors of *The Dartmouth Review*. Thus the college seems to have been trying to crush an independently incorporated newspaper—a First Amendment issue.

The lawyers believe this case, which raises such fundamental issues, may well go to the Supreme Court. One may doubt that the shade of Daniel Webster will be on Dartmouth's side this time around.

A Brick Through the Greenhouse

THE JOADS are in their jalopies once again, fleeing the expanding Dust Bowl; there are dikes around Manhattan to keep out the rising water; and Alaska is fast becoming our most verdant state. It is America, of course, c. 2000, year 12 of the Greenhouse Effect.

Or so the popular press would have us believe. We are skeptical—there have been droughts before, even consecutive droughts, without the ice caps sinking into the sea like ice cubes in a drink.

But if it is so, then there is at least one prudent step that suggests itself. If pollutants are keeping too much of the planet's heat in, and if one of the prime sources of pollutants is the burning of fossil fuels (coal and oil), then why not switch to another fuel,

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The Tax Gap

THE TAX FOUNDATION reports that a typical moderate-income family—one worker earning $30,000, his or her non-working spouse, and two dependent children—will pay $7,943 in federal taxes this year. Add to this their $1,316 share of the federal deficit, which can be thought of as future taxes, and this family will ultimately contribute $9,259, or 31 per cent of its relatively modest earnings, to support Uncle Sam's $1.06-trillion habit.

It's no surprise that many Americans look for ways to beat the tax system. The IRS recently reported on the extent of what it calls the "Tax Gap"—the difference between the amount of income taxes owed the government and the amount actually paid. Only legal activities were studied (the taxes due from your neighborhood cocaine dealer weren't even touched upon). The numbers are impressive:

PERSONAL INCOME TAXES

Year	Amount Collected (In Billions)	Amount Owed But Not Paid (In Billions)	Tax Gap As Percentage Of Collections
1973	$103.2	$19.7	19.1
1979	217.8	46.8	21.5
1986	349.0	79.3	22.7
1987	392.6	63.5	16.2
1988 (est.)	393.4	64.3	16.3
1992 (est.)	524.4	82.6	15.8

The recent lowering of marginal tax rates and (alleged) tax simplification are credited with lessening the likelihood that taxpayers will intentionally understate their income or overstate allowable deductions. Thus the decline in the tax gap last year.

But corporations are not immune from the temptation to cheat on their taxes, and they are reportedly doing so with even more gusto than individuals. The IRS estimates that the corporate tax gap will reach $22.8 billion this year, equivalent to 21.6 per cent of corporate tax payments; and, unlike the gap for individuals, this gap is increasing as a result of the recent tax reform.

All in all, $87.1 billion in federal income taxes will go uncollected this year, roughly $1,350 per family. Eliminating the gap would reduce the deficit by more than 50 per cent, or, alternatively, permit a 17 per cent tax reduction for those who pay all their taxes.

But the inequities in the tax system don't stop with the tax gap. Economists estimate that the cost of complying with the tax laws of this country—the time and money spent on record keeping, research, preparation of the tax return itself, etc.—represents a hidden tax of about $30 billion per year, borne by taxpayers.

Ironically, many legitimate tax breaks go widely unused because of the time and effort involved. The National Bureau of Economic Research reports, for example, that only 31.3 per cent of those eligible to save money by income averaging actually bother to do so.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

which doesn't smoke, doesn't rain acidly, doesn't need a task force in the Persian Gulf to walk it home. That is n------ power. Shhhhh.

T. E. Utley, R I P

T. E. "PETER" UTLEY, the most recondite and cerebral British journalist of his generation, was fond of recounting the story of his daughter's angry reaction to the teacher who concluded an interminable disquisition on the meaning of the word "intellectual" by declaring her father to be a prime specimen of the breed. "My dad is *not* an intellectual," the girl ejaculated. "He's just an old blind Tory."

It was a description that delighted Peter, and it was *almost* accurate. He was, to be sure, blind, and his Toryism was beyond dispute; but there was never anything old about him or his ideas. His buccaneer's eye-patch and the ever-present "seeing-eye" secretaries (most of them young and pretty) who accompanied him on his rounds were, for most of those who knew him, the primary manifestations of his sightlessness. His Toryism, on the other hand, was both more fundamental and innate: he was, to paraphrase Disraeli, a Tory man with Whig measures. As a disciple of Burke he understood the failure of postwar British Conservatism as being the product of too many Tory men with Tory measures. He rejected the Tory statism of the Macmillan years, when he was a lonely voice espousing the views that would one day be called Thatcherism. (One of Mrs. Thatcher's former advisors recently suggested that her politics might best be called, not Thatcherite, but Utleyite.)

Utley's Toryism manifested itself in his profound Anglo-Catholicism and his reverence for custom and tradition; his Whiggery could be seen in his passionate love of political liberty and his deep admiration and

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understanding of democratic capitalism. His friend and mentor T. S. Eliot summed him up perfectly: "In T. E. Utley," he wrote, "the Judicious Hooker and Adam Smith mingle quite naturally."

Like Dr. Johnson before him, he had long since cleared his mind of cant, which may explain why this learned and scholarly man so disliked the intellectuals as a class. Ours, he often reminded us, is the century of Benda's *trahison des clercs*, of Burckhardt's "terrible simplifiers." That there is a conservative movement in England roughly similar to our own is owing in large part to Peter's consistent and brilliant advocacy during the dark days before Mrs. Thatcher came on the scene to purge the Tory Party of its "wets" and its socialist latitudinarians. Most of the young writers and thinkers who are currently doing so much to enrich British conservative thought were either directly or indirectly influenced by Utley. He never succeeded to Lord Acton's chair at Cambridge —something that his contemporaries believed he might have done had it not been for his blindness—but hundreds of young journalists, politicians, and academics thought of him as their professor.

There is no way of getting the measure of such a man in so short a space. Many have dwelt upon his blindness and the things he achieved despite it; but those who knew him never thought of him as being in any way handicapped. I remember him now above all for his great intelligence and understanding, his political courage, and the high standards he brought to the discussion of politics. I am reminded, as I think of his achievement, of the opening sentence of Richard Hooker's *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, a book written during the dark last decade of the sixteenth century by Anglicanism's greatest philosopher. "Though for no other cause, yet for this; that posterity may know that I have not loosely through silence permitted these things to pass away as in a dream . . ." I can think of no more fitting epitaph for a man who refused to be silent during a time when so many Western values and institutions were passing away, when so many standards were falling to barbarous forces, when so many of his fellows had either succumbed to the blandishments of the age or been struck dumb. Peter Utley's place in the history of English political thought is assured; others will try to carry on in his tradition. —PETER P. WITONSKI

Keeping Jesse Happy

He'd love to soak the rich, and knot
The Navy to the dock; but what
Would fill him with euphoria
Is marching on Pretoria.

W. H. VON DREELE

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Sir:

Re: "The Week," November 6, 1987.

Under Kissinger and INF, you write: "In the October 12 *Newsweek*, former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger published an important essay, . . ."

Shouldn't it be: "In the October 12 issue *Newsweek* published an essay by . . ."?

Yours truly,
José Zighelboim
Lima, Peru

Dear Mr. Zighelboim: Not necessarily. You can say, e.g., "George Kennan published an important piece in *Foreign Affairs* rejecting an important piece *Foreign Affairs* had published, many years earlier, by George Kennan." Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Nineteen years ago you printed a letter in Notes & Asides which asked if there were interest in discussing the works of C. S. Lewis. You could not have known then that the answer would lead to a thriving New York C. S. Lewis Society.

As we approach our 19th birthday, we thought it appropriate that we should at once acknowledge our debt and alert interested readers to an event of some consequence: a C. S. Lewis weekend, August 5 through 7. This sort of event is lavish by our standards and uncalled for by a 19th birthday, except for this: This year brings the 25th anniversary of C. S. Lewis's death. Our weekend will commemorate his passing and provide some perspective on his work and reputation. (Lewis died the same day as John Kennedy, and so any attention to Lewis is likely to be drowned out by that given to the President.) Anyone interested may contact Mrs. Beverly Arlton, 99 Benedict Boulevard, Croton, N.Y. 10520. (Note: One of the featured speakers will be Joe Sobran.)

I need hardly add that as we celebrate, so do we, as in the past, thank you for the gracious good will that you showed 19 years ago, which amounted to so much meaning to so many of us.

Sincerely,
James Como
Jamaica, N.Y.

☐ Dear Bill:

In the foreword of *Odyssey to a Friend*, which I received the other day, you fantasized about confronting Alger Hiss with, "There's no one else here: tell me [about your days as a Communist spy]."

It reminded me of the night I sat to the right of Alger Hiss, in the front seat of a tired Toyota, my

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son Tom behind the wheel, grinding away on the starter, the battery winding down, the motor dead. It was a cold November night, around 8:00 P.M., in the dark gloom of pre-winter. We were behind the faculty dining room at Holy Cross, full of food and unresolved questions. Hiss was freezing in his Borsolino and tweedy topcoat (both too big for his skinniness). We had been together since about 4:00 P.M., through cocktails and dinner and after dinner: Hiss (on his first day of a seven-day visit); Tom (some kind of star student); Father Lapamater, chairman of history; two or three other students and Jesuits; and me (my son's guest and ace Hiss-baiter). We had soared through history with this gentle, winsomely handsome, tired, and ever so proper old man. We had flown with Roosevelt over Malta on our way to Yalta (Messerschmitts out in the darkness!). We had stood on the stage at San Francisco, banging out a new world order.

But we had not been in the apartment on P or Q Street, Priscilla pecking away on the Woodstock, Alger leaning over her shoulder.

And now, and still, the car wouldn't start, and Tommy, as I looked across Hiss, was frustrated and cold. When suddenly—maybe to light up the three of us, maybe for love of truth—he leaned close to the old man and said, "For Chrissake, why don't you just admit you're a liar, just between us, you know." Hiss said nothing.

And then the motor turned over, and we drove off to the communications center, and Alger Hiss continued his week-long performance.

I doubt if he'll ever tell anyone.

Sincerely,
J. Frederick Harrington, MD
Framingham, Mass.

'Restructuring.'

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

My local paper recently quoted an editorial of yours in which you mentioned the liberal intelligentsia. Isn't this an oxymoron?

John S. Carothers
Birmingham, Ala.

Oh no you don't, Carothers! We did the oxymorons for 18 months back there. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I recently received the enclosed renewal form for *Soviet Life* magazine.

Although, at first, I find it hard to say "Da!" and renew a subscription which I never had in the first place, I am, on further examination, attracted to their offer. They say that I can have a one-year subscription for $12, which is "a savings of $15 off the $21 regular single-copy price!" Is this the new *perestroika* math?

I have not yet renewed my subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW. Will you at least match *Soviet Life*'s offer?

Sincerely yours,
Edward N. Matisik
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Matisik: Actually, no. *Soviet Life* is supported by Soviet serfs. *NR*, its employees point out, is supported by U.S. serfs. We have to establish that there is a free-market difference between the two. Cordially, —WFB

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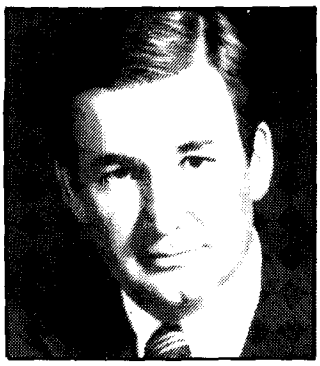

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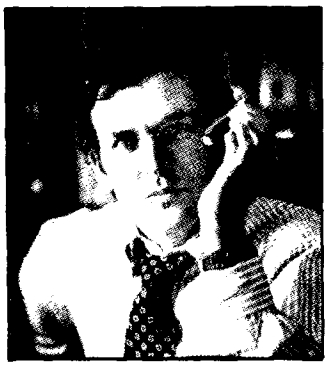

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THE ELECTORAL-VOTE LOCK

IN LATE November 1984, political experts from the Reagan-Bush and Mondale-Ferraro teams met for a collegial post-mortem at Harvard University's JFK School of Government. High on the agenda was each campaign's coalition strategy, i.e., the way each of them set about attracting the voters it thought its candidate needed in order to win. To the astonishment of the Reagan folk, the Mondale-Ferraro forces revealed they had built their strategy on demographic groups, not states. Whereas, from the fall of 1983 through November 5, 1984, Reagan's campaign had aimed, first and foremost, at winning 270 of the 538 Electoral College votes. Demographics were merely a means to this end.

Remember, each state has the same number of electors in the College as it has senators plus representatives in Congress—a mixture of representation by population and representation by geographical entity. But, while most states' congressional delegations are divided between Republicans and Democrats, the Electoral College vote is winner-take-all within each state. Thus by losing many states overwhelmingly while winning others narrowly, a candidate could win the electoral vote while losing the popular vote, thereby triggering a constitutional crisis.

A crisis of another sort has arisen for the Democratic Party, viz., the Republican "lock" on the Electoral College. Except for 1964, there are 19 states that the GOP has carried in every election since 1952, for a bedrock figure of 134 electoral votes. In contrast, the Democrats' bedrock figure (which they've failed to make twice) is six states (plus the District of Columbia), for 49 electoral votes.

Let's assume the best for Dukakis. Give him those states which nearly always vote Democratic in presidential contests, plus three others that often do. That means North Carolina, West Virginia, Georgia, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Rhode Island, Missouri, Kentucky, Hawaii, and the District of Columbia, for a total of 78 Electoral College votes.

This leaves Dukakis with 192 electoral votes to go. California, Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, and Michigan are electoral-vote-laden states that look competitive in 1988. Let's assume Dukakis wins all of them. This pushes his count to 229, leaving an additional 41 electoral votes necessary for victory. Where will Dukakis find those extra votes?

If the Massachusetts governor could turn out the Hispanic voters and woo back disaffected Democrats in Texas (29 electoral votes) and take the two energy-producing and economically depressed neighboring states, Louisiana (10) and Oklahoma (8), then he would win. But Texas is Bush country, and Louisiana has voted Republican for President in three of the last four presidential elections, so that prospect seems slim. Florida (21) is another possibility. But Florida has gone Republican in four of the last five presidential elections. Besides, the conservative bent of the Panhandle, the prominence in the state of Bush's son, Jeb, the 1986 election of a Republican governor, and the Vice President's appeal among Cuban-Americans all strengthen GOP prospects. In fact, practically all analysts assign the state to the GOP this November.

Where, then, can Dukakis make his breakthrough? The heartland? It has suffered through the high interest rates of the 1970s, shrinking export markets for agricultural products in the 1980s, the deflation of commodity prices, farm foreclosures, and now a drought. Will farm states be resentful enough to cast a protest vote come November? If so, Dukakis could conceivably add Kansas, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Wisconsin, and—an outside bet—Illinois. The problem for Dukakis is that it is the longest shot—Illinois—that has by far the greatest number of electoral votes in this group; without it, he still would not go over the top.

As all of this shows, a presidential race really is not a single national contest: it is fifty separate elections. Looked at through the lens of the Electoral College, the odds against a Dukakis victory are daunting.

BUT, WHILE THE GOP electoral-vote advantage is real, it is by no means insurmountable. The concept at work here is "dealignment": compared, say, to 1952, voters have become less likely to continue voting for a party just because they have always voted for it. Republicans were the first beneficiaries of this phenomenon when, in 1972, they picked up massive numbers of new voters—particularly Southerners, urban blue-collars, and Catholic ethnics.

At that time—and even more so after Reagan's landslide victories in the Eighties—what many analysts thought they were seeing was *re*-alignment: the emergence of a Republican majority. But as the pattern of voting in congressional elections indicates, the more apt term really is "dealignment." Voters seem not so much to have switched party labels as to have started ignoring party labels altogether in favor of a cumulative series of judgments about particular candidates. If dealignment proves to be a solid phenomenon, Dukakis may be able to pick the electoral lock. It is a thin reed to grasp, but better, from his point of view, than praying for pent-up farm-belt grievances to spill out as a flood of votes against Republicans.

Which analytical tool has more importance for modern presidential politics: party dealignment or the Electoral College lock? November 8 may give us the answer. Which is yet another reason to say that this one is the election to watch. □

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THE COLLAPSE OF COMMUNISM

IT IS FASCINATING, is it not, to witness the collapse of Communism. But is this, in fact, what we are witnessing? In one sense, the All-Union Conference of the Communist Party at the end of June was a gigantic funeral service: the burial of a doctrine and of the hopes and delusions built upon it. But Mikhail Gorbachev was presenting the occasion in different terms: as a time of hope and of rebuilding.

Before coming back to the General Secretary, let us glance elsewhere—at North Korea, for instance. One would have said that (leaving aside the very peculiar case of Albania) North Korea shared with Rumania the special distinction of being the most repressive totalist regime in the world. The aged dictator of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea, "Marshal" Kim Il Sung (b. 1912), vied with Rumania's Nicolae Ceausescu for the most pervasive cult of personality since the death of Stalin. He still does: statues, shrines, generalized idolatry. And yet.

At Easter time, Kim sent a delegation to the Vatican for a meeting with Pope John Paul II. The North Koreans took part in a solemn Mass. What is more, after decades of standard atheistic repression, a Roman Catholic church is under construction in Pyongyang. It is due to be consecrated on August 15, a date chosen because it is that of the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin and marks the end of the Pope's Marian Year. In symbolic terms, these developments (although less spectacular) compete with the recent celebrations of the Christian millennium in Russia.

In Rumania—the other "worst case"—Ceausescu, said to be terminally ill, pursues his mission of destruction. Having razed the architectural heritage of Bucharest in pursuance of his dreams of immortal grandeur, he now proposes to level hundreds of villages, many of them in ethnically Hungarian areas, to the indignation of the neighboring "fraternal" republic.

But Rumania is now the solitary exception to the general rule of ferment or collapse. Hungary, as usual, leads the way, with sweeping changes at the top and a new freedom both in parliamentary debate and in street demonstrations. In Poland, too, the credibility of Communism is at or below extinction point; it is less than solid in Czechoslovakia, and shaky even in East Germany. Bulgaria (the unofficial extra republic of the USSR) will do as Russia does.

Indeed, in the end, all of this peripheral turmoil goes back to Mother Russia. Without Lenin, without Stalin, there would never have been Communist regimes in Eastern Europe. Béla Kun shot his bolt in Hungary in 1919, and Communism was insignificant in that country until the Red Army moved in. When Stalin imposed Communism on Rumania, the Rumanian Communist Party numbered two hundred—all, if I am not mistaken, resident in the USSR. (Now it claims three million, whatever that might mean.)

It is important to understand what Gorbachev was really saying in his keynote address to the special Party conference. The leader of the all-powerful, all-pervasive CPSU was telling the five thousand delegates (and the world) that, seventy years after Lenin's Revolution, which was to mark a glorious new dawn for humanity, the dawn has simply failed to arrive. We are in a mess, comrades, he said, and we've got to do something about it.

Doing something about it means *perestroika*, and without *glasnost* there won't be any *perestroika*. The commentators have been talking their heads off about Gorbachev's amazing frankness, while overlooking the fact that he refrained from saying the one thing of fundamental importance: namely, that the whole *idea* of Communism, from the Marx-Engels *Communist Manifesto* of 1848 through the Program of the Communist International (Comintern) in 1924, to Gorbachev's Theses of 1988, is a nonsense, a grand delusion.

Don't forget, in Lenin's view Communism was supposed to bring universal abundance. It wasn't supposed to produce, seventy years after the event, years of actual economic *decline* in the country of its revolutionary birth. It wasn't supposed to mean a mere 4 per cent of GNP allocated to public health, hospitals without running water. Nor was it supposed to mean a rising percentage of GNP spent on military hardware, so that today, according to the best specialists, that percentage is probably running at 35 to forty.

Kremlinomics

DESPITE HIS frankness, Gorbachev didn't put it that way. On the contrary, he presented *perestroika* as a kind of last-ditch attempt to prove that Lenin was right after all. How is this for Thatcherism and Reaganomics: "And what is most intolerable is that enterprises are being compelled by means of state orders to manufacture goods that are not in demand, compelled for the simple reason that they want to attain the notorious 'gross output' targets." He went on to talk of the vicious circle of "production for the sake of production" and "the plan for the sake of the plan."

What he did not say is that this is what "socialism" is really about. He hankers for a Leninist golden age that never existed. One searches his speech in vain for any reference to the fact that it was Lenin who established the "All-Russian Extraordinary Commission for the Struggle against Counter-Revolution and Sabotage," soon known as the *Cheka* from two of the initial letters of its cumbersome title. The *Cheka* was the lineal ancestor of the present KGB.

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One service Lenin did render to Soviet posterity and to Gorbachev in particular: he died in January 1924; which enables Gorbachev and his allies to claim (unconvincingly) that, had Lenin lived, he would have perpetuated the New Economic Policy, which restored the ravaged economy by means of limited private enterprise.

'Helping' Gorbachev

WHERE I PART company with our liberal commentators, and even with Prime Minister Thatcher and President Reagan, is over the notion that we must all "hope" Gorbachev succeeds and "help" him so to do.

In practical terms, what does "help" mean? Does it mean, for instance: "Poor Mr. Gorbachev, he's having to keep his people poor and deny them the kind of affluence we take for granted in the West, so that he can maintain his ruinously expensive military establishment. Let's help him on the material side, with loans and industrial contracts. Then he can feel safe again"—and resume the threatening posture of the Soviet Union?

The "help" line is nevertheless beguiling. Mikhail Gorbachev is a new phenomenon, and some of his proposals undoubtedly break new ground. To "help" him, however, makes sense only on the assumption that he is about to sweep away the principles and aspirations of the Leninist state.

Of this, there is no sign. On the contrary, he keeps on repeating that he is a Leninist, that his ambition and hope are to make socialism work as it was meant to do, that if it has gone wrong (as he concedes), that has nothing to do with the doctrine or the idea, but only with the way the Leninist state was allowed to degenerate.

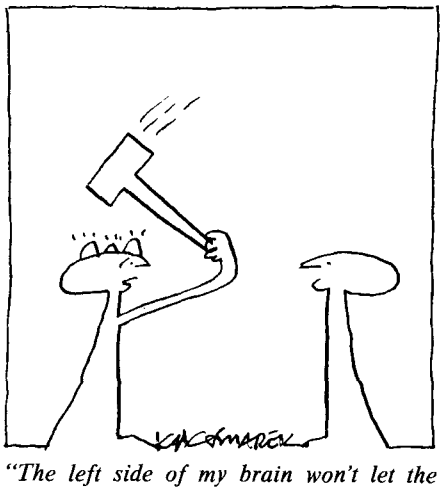
Let us look more closely at his specific proposals. Certainly they are sensational. He is proposing, basically, a decentralization of power, a return to the heady early days of the Revolution, when the local soviets ("councils") ran their own affairs, before the Leviathan of the Party's Central Committee and Politburo started deciding everything. He also called for a new-style president, to be elected by secret ballot, who would keep the key portfolios of foreign policy and security in his hands (much as in General de Gaulle's Fifth Republic), and for a new-style Supreme Soviet, no longer rubber-stamping the decisions of the Politburo but actully debating freely and enacting laws.

In Gorbachev's new world, economic reforms will be speeded up through a drastic trimming of Central Committee bodies. Human rights, he claimed on no observable evidence, were integral to socialism and must be respected. In short, the Gorbachevian utopia will be "a society of socialist self-government by the people, of profound and consistent democracy."

And what did Gorbachev *not* say? Apart from not mentioning Lenin's *Cheka*, he did not say that non-Communist parties would be allowed. He did not say that he would disband, or even considerably reduce, the KGB. He did not say that he would abandon Lenin's dream of extending Soviet-style Communism to "all countries of the world without exception."

He made no reference to the gigantic expenditure of Soviet resources on espionage, and particularly on subversion all over the world, on "active measures," on disinformation. He said nothing about dismantling the International Department, now run by the affable, Americanized Mr. Dobrynin. He made no mention of the systematic recruitment, training, and funding of international terrorist groups through the Lenin Institute and the Patrice Lumumba University, both in Moscow. (Although one might reasonably object that since these are secret matters, one could hardly expect Mr. Gorbachev to deal with them in an open assembly with the media in attendance.)

Nor did the General Secretary say that the constituent republics of the USSR could go their separate ways, exercising the principle of self-determination so beloved of President Wilson. On the contrary, he specifically praised the equality of the multitudinous ethnic groups as one of the great achievements of socialism, and told the Armenians, Tatars, and others to behave themselves. (It is worth recalling that Stalin's 1936 Constitution guaranteed the right of the republics freely to secede; the unstated condition being that they should never actually try to assert that "right.")



"The left side of my brain won't let the right side know what it's doing."

I looked in vain in the General Secretary's three-hour-plus oration for any hint, however small, of moving away from the state ideology of the USSR. Instead, I found this gem: "We need a genuine upturn in social sciences, on a Marxist-Leninist philosophical and methodological basis."

Back to basics.

It is possible to sympathize with Mikhail Gorbachev in his insoluble dilemma. Time and again, in his speech, one sensed the anxiety, even the desperation of a gifted man who realizes that the hour is terribly late, but who cannot admit the fundamental cause of the Soviet Union's problems because he knows that to do so would be to concede that he, in particular, the ex-KGB informer, has no business being where he is.

In truth, the task of dismantling the apparatus of terror and international subversion would be gigantic, even if that were his intention. Some revealing glimpses of the Soviet reality appeared the other day in a valedictory article by Christopher Walker in the (London) *Times*. The point is that despite *glasnost*, the correspondent clearly felt safe to write as he did only because he was being transferred from Moscow to Cairo.

According to Mr. Walker, to every one of the ten thousand foreigners resident in Moscow, *14* KGB personnel are assigned, making the stupendous total of 140,000 for this task alone. There is no reason at all to believe that this enormous instrument of repression is on its way out.

Nor do I see any reason why we should help Gorbachev to pretend that *perestroika* is working so that the Soviet Union, its health and strength restored, may reaffirm its world ambitions.

The idea of Communism has collapsed. Let the Communist state collapse as well. □

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JUSTICE

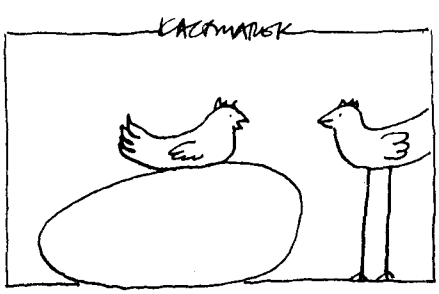
THIS ITEM just in on the ticker under a Fairbanks, Alaska, dateline: "Arnold Forbush today became the first person convicted under this city's harsh new anti-yo-yo statute. Forbush, 64, was apprehended last September 30 at 3:20 P.M., his string at full draw, twenty minutes past the municipal curfew. Hopwood Farnsworth, spokesman for Fairbanks' Yo-Yo Patrol, commented, 'We intend to press for a jail term. This guy Forbush acts as if nothing much happened.'"

No, just kidding. Fairbanks is fine. But here in Washington, D.C., we're getting a bit jumpy, jurisprudentially speaking. The powers that be—and from the convicted man's point of view, they look mighty powerful—are contemplating a nice, long lesson-teaching jail term for Franklyn C. (Lyn) Nofziger. You remember him. He is the former White House aide who was accused of calling or writing three old friends in 1982, in each case asking for a favor for a business client. These favors did not involve wine, women, controlled substances, or Hawk missiles, but according to the Feds they were improperly sought. There is a law, it seems, that forbids people like Nofziger to ask for those favors until some months after they leave government service.

This law is called—and you'll be pleased to keep your face straight—the Ethics in Government Act. As it happens, its name is not only oxymoronic but misnomeric. For virtually everybody in government is exempted from it—all congresspeople of course (we noncongresspeople consider it something of a breakthrough that Congress has not exempted itself from the income tax), all judiciary-branch people, and almost all executive-branch people. Indeed, over the entire life of the Ethics in Government Act the Feds have found only one hide to nail under the statute: the aforesaid Franklyn C. (Lyn) Nofziger. And you thought Patrick Henry and Sam Adams had rid us of that legislative medievalism, the bill of attainder? (It's worse than that, actually. So murky was this statute that Nofziger felt obliged to seek legal clarification before doing *anything* after he left the White House. His lawyer assured him that he was practicing safe commercial intercourse.)

WHEN NOFZIGER finally went to trial in the winter of 1988 (that's right, 1988) he was thrust before a jury of his peers—as it happened, 12 black peers from the District of Columbia, who if the law of averages means anything had voted against Ronald Reagan with aberrational intensity. The prosecution lost no opportunity to make the point that Nofziger and Reagan were politically indistinguishable. Nofziger had, after all, been one of Reagan's closest aides since the gubernatorial days in Sacramento. By the end of the five-week trial, jurors could have been forgiven for supposing that Nofziger had spent most of his year in the White House personally closing out welfare accounts. The jury voted solidly for Mondale and conviction. Even the working press, which does not shrink from the sight of a right-winger getting what's coming to him, felt that something other than justice had been done.

The flavor of the trial was captured best not by lawyers or reporters but by Nofziger's doggerel diary, *A Trial Is Not Necessarily a Tribulation* (rights to which, if Jim Wright's publisher shakes a leg, may still be available):



"Your turn."

WHAT A BAD BOY AM I

I listen carefully to every charge
And wonder why I'm still at large.
No one as criminal as me
Should be permitted to roam free.

The other day I went round to see Nofziger in his 18th Street townhouse office. His business is a uniquely Washington establishment. He produces neither steel ingots nor handmade sweaters but influence, a business that has never won a place in public affection next to the family farm. When the going was good the business rolled ahead, not in the headlong style of Mike Deaver, but with enough dash and puff to excite some envy. Buzzing with high spirits a few years ago, the firm is now a quiet, barebones operation. But Nofziger keeps plugging; a few clients have stuck with him and, even more remarkably, 1,500 friends have contributed unasked to his legal-defense fund. Emotionally, Nofziger is on hold. The judge will decide this fall whether he goes to jail.

His secretary points me upstairs and into the presence of The Felon. My first impression is that the criminal type isn't what it used to be. He is 64, survivor of a stroke five years ago, tieless, fussing with that implausible goatee. His girth is slightly more ample than ample. ("I'm a nervous eater and I have a lot to be nervous about.") As he describes the crime, I consider the punishment. There *is* a democratic case for bringing the high and mighty low and feeble. And Nofziger is low if not feeble. His savings are depleted, his name stained, some of his good years chewed up by the big red, white, and blue legal machine. But sending him to jail, making an example of him, teaching him another lesson? Why? To whom? About what? Enough. Enough. □

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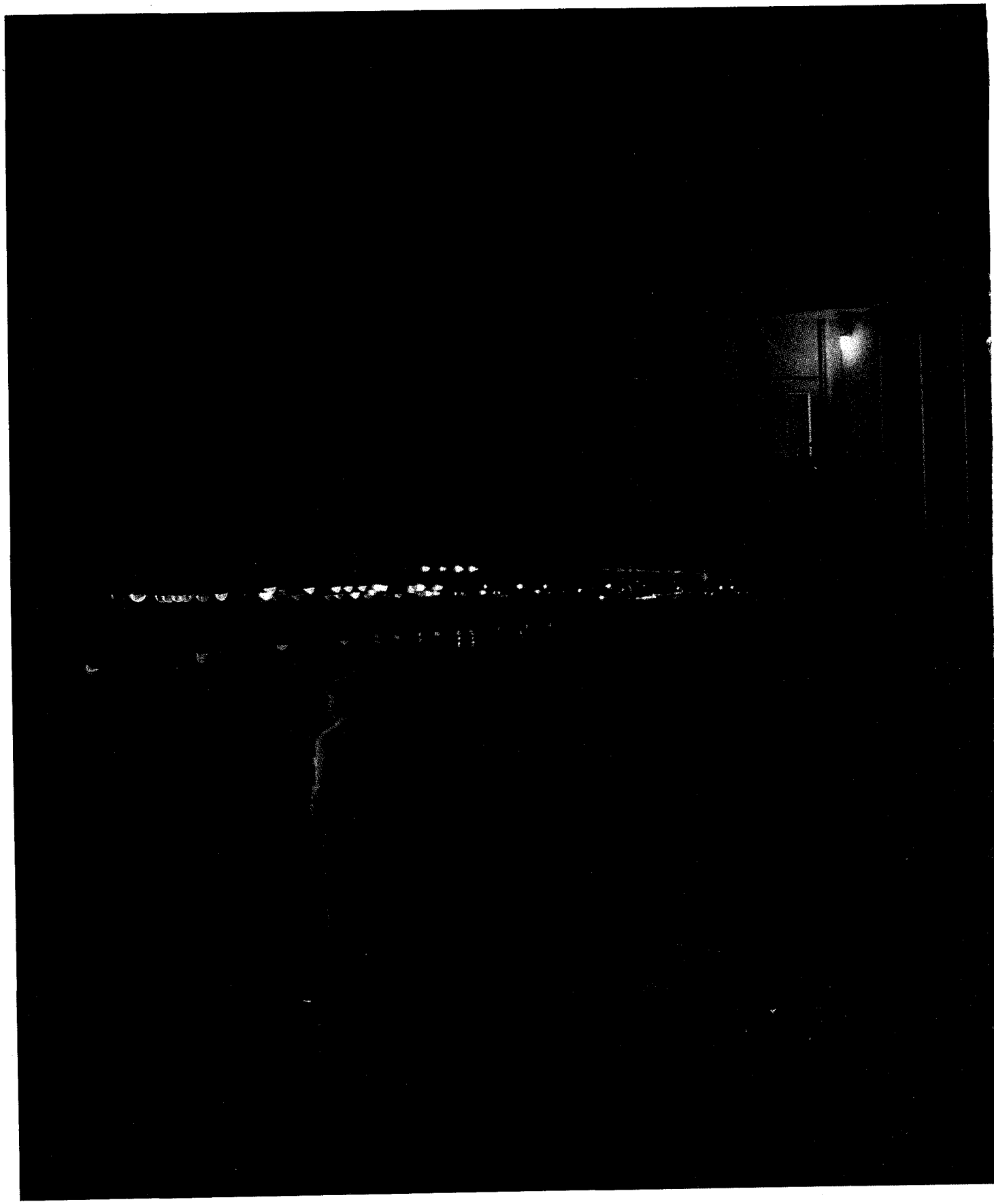

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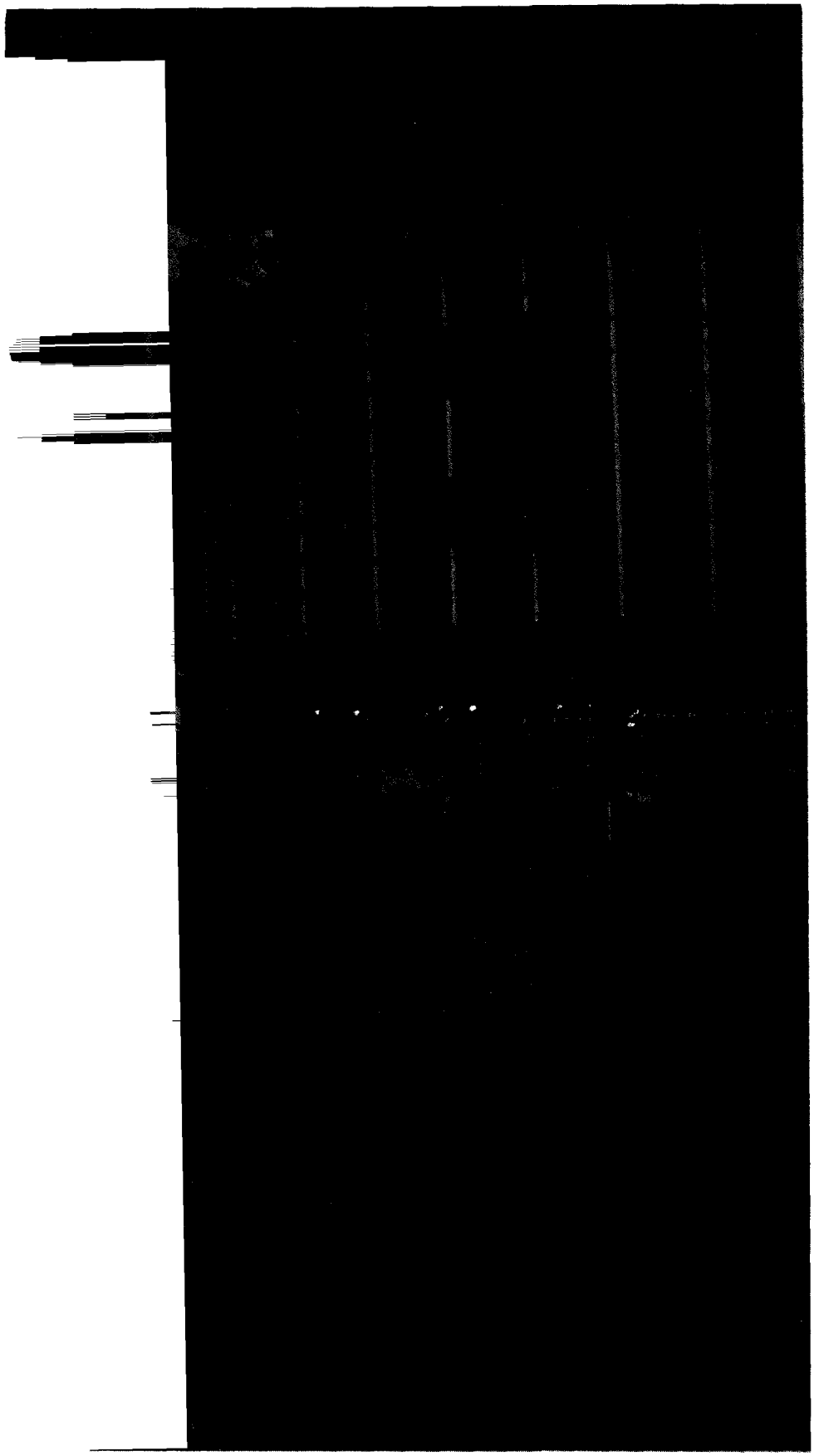

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UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

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Nuclear energy, not foreign oil, is the best way to prevent electricity shortages

Electricity is so vital to our economy and our way of life that a shortage of electricity is unthinkable. Yet some parts of the country are already experiencing brownouts during peak periods of demand. The question is not "Will we run out?" The question is "What price will we have to pay?"

Our electricity demand will outgrow our present supply. It is only a matter of time. Federal planners believe that our current generating capacity may not be enough to supply our peak electrical demand in the 1990s.

America's electricity use has steadily increased for the last 50 years, and has grown over 45% since the 1973 Arab oil embargo. This growing electricity demand is already forcing us to turn to oil.

Imported oil: a dangerous fix

The longer we wait to build new coal and nuclear plants, the more we will have to depend on oil. Using more oil plants would increase our foreign oil imports, worsen our trade deficit, and make America even more dangerously dependent on foreign countries for crucial energy.

More nuclear plants needed

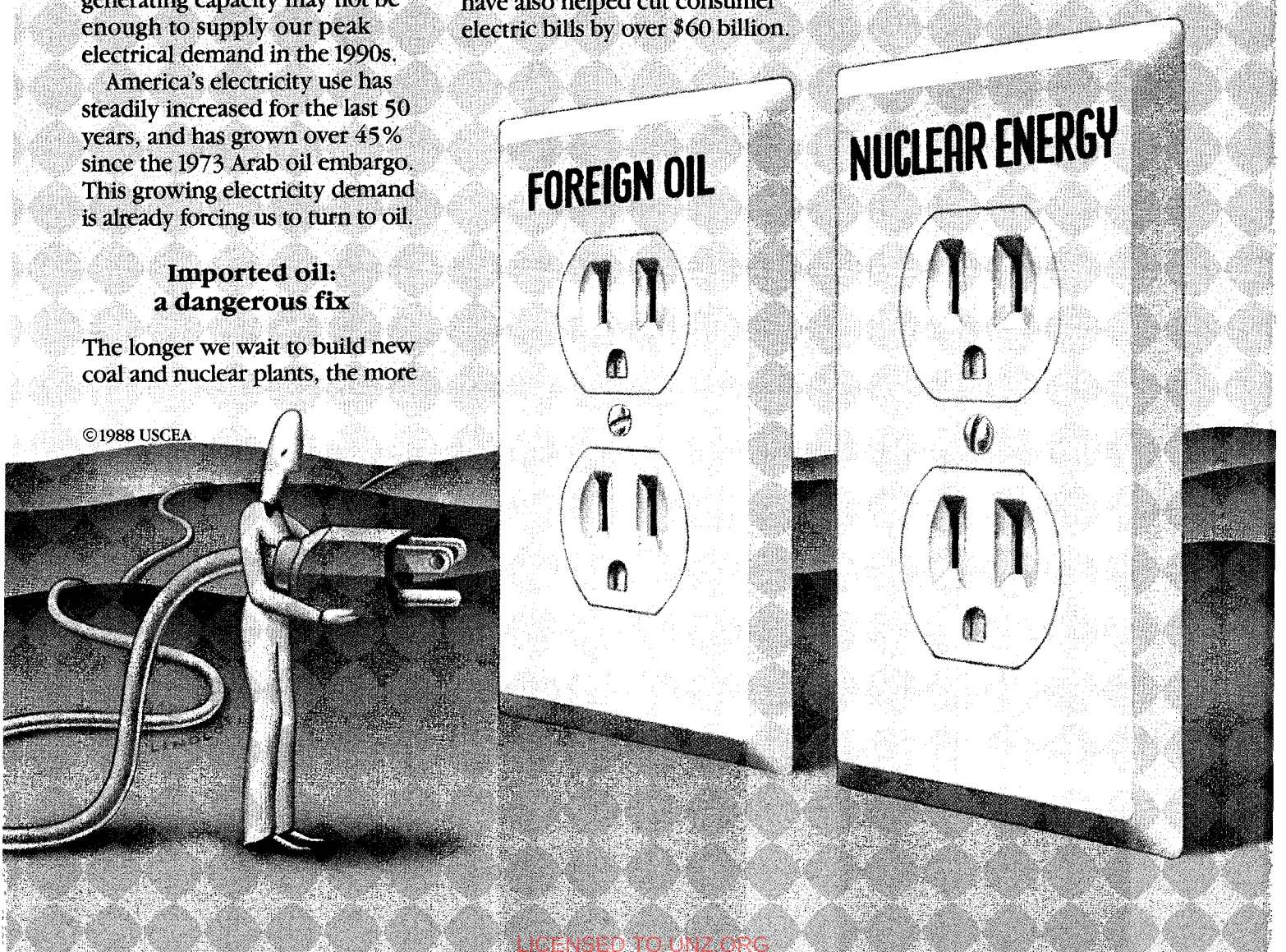
Nuclear energy is already America's second largest source of electricity after coal. By reducing the use of foreign oil to make electricity, nuclear plants have saved America $105 billion in foreign oil payments since 1973. Nuclear plants have also helped cut consumer electric bills by over $60 billion.

Nuclear energy reduces America's dependence on foreign oil, not only at electric power plants, but wherever electricity replaces oil. It supplies a large part of the electricity that our economy needs to prosper.

If you'd like more information on making America more energy independent, write to the U.S. Council for Energy Awareness, P.O. Box 66103, Dept. SH18, Washington, D.C. 20035.

Information about energy America can count on

U.S. COUNCIL FOR ENERGY AWARENESS



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THE REAGAN LEGACY

HEAD OF THE CLASS

TOM WOLFE

REMEMBER the "little old ladies in tennis shoes"? That was the term dreamed up in the 1960s to characterize the constituency of Barry Goldwater's version of the conservative movement. After Goldwater's rout in the 1964 election it seemed accurate enough.

It was used again two years later when another avowed conservative, Ronald Reagan, ran for governor in California. But Reagan won, a result so astounding that for the next ten years columnists spoke of the California electorate as "volatile." Reagan's popularity in California increased steadily, however. So the voter surveys began in earnest—with another astounding result. At the heart of Reagan's support were California's new, young, and very numerous working-class families.

In the 1940s, when a war economy finally hoisted the United States out of the Depression, the boom occurred earliest in California, with its aircraft plants and other key military industries. Wages climbed rapidly. It was in California that the term "worker" first ceased to mean someone who is defined (or enslaved) by his job. The California worker became an owner: first, of an automobile; then, soon enough, of a house (and then of a second automobile). He began to think of civic life in the same way as any new property owner. He wanted stability, including one of its major props: moral decency. He wanted freedom from government intrusion, particularly high taxes. He wanted public policy to favor people like himself, people who had earned what they possessed. He wanted to take pride in what he had accomplished; and two of pride's most popular forms were official optimism and patriotism.

How much of this had Reagan figured out analytically? Perhaps none of it, although it seems to me he has always been much more of an issue-oriented (shall I try out the adjective *intellectual*?) politician than those who call him "the great communicator" are willing to admit. In any case, his views resonated perfectly with those of the new California working class. (It might even be worth mentioning that Reagan is the only labor-union member who ever became President.)

Since the 1960s the prosperity and ethos of the California working class have spread to workers all over America—so much so that the terms *working class* and *workers* have become archaic. Today electricians, air-conditioning mechanics, burglar-alarm installers, cablevision linemen are routinely spoken of as middle-class. Many journeyman mechanics live on a scale that would have made the Sun King blink. They are a new class that has seriously altered the political make-up of this country over the past 25 years. And Ronald Reagan was their first spokesman, their first leader, their first philosopher. The existence of this class continues to baffle Democratic Party leaders. Their biggest problem in the presidential election this fall is what to do about these people whose goals they still do not understand. □

ONLY THE START

ROBERT BORK

AN UNJUSTIFIED LOSS of morale afflicts conservatives as Ronald Reagan's Administration winds down, its last two years largely devoid of accomplishments and so much of the conservative agenda unaccomplished. Reagan's legacy is mixed, of course, as are the legacies of all major politicians, but a realistic assessment would stress how much the nation's condition has improved since 1980 and how much Reagan has done.

Domestically, Reagan achieved large cuts in marginal tax rates, with enormous benefits for the economy. He leaves voters with an aversion to substantial tax increases that even a Democratic President and Congress will find difficult to overcome.

A major achievement, due in large measure to the much-maligned Ed Meese, has been the re-orientation of the federal judiciary. Care was taken to select judges who understand that judging is not politics. The constitutional philosophy of original understanding, and the judicial restraint it begets, have become a public issue. A time may even come when the liberal policy-making of modern courts will be as discredited as the conservative policy-making of the courts before 1937 now is.

In national security and foreign affairs a bright beginning has darkened as the Administration abandons some of what had seemed its major premises. The Soviet Union is certainly changing, but the ultimate extent and durability of the change is unknown. Since the Soviets remain a Communist Party dictatorship, whose expansionist ideology remains intact, now is hardly the time for the President to signal that the danger is past. Americans spend too little on military preparedness as it is and are too eager to

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believe that the world has become safe. This can lead, has already led, to a kind of arms control that is a net loss for Western security, and to virtual abandonment of the Contras, whom we encouraged to fight a Marxist dictatorship sponsored by the Soviet Union in our hemisphere. But U.S. aid may have achieved its aims in Afghanistan, so that the symbol, and some of the substance, of the Reagan Doctrine remains and can be built upon by a future conservative Administration.

Finally, Reagan leaves a larger and more self-confident conservative movement, many of whose members now have invaluable experience in government. One of the President's unintended legacies, however, is a reinvigorated ultra-liberalism. We had thought that the political culture had shifted with the 1980 and 1984 elections. We were quite wrong. The American Left, infuriated by a world turned upside down, has simultaneously adopted irresponsible tactics and learned to cloak its radical intentions in "mainstream" rhetoric.

If Reagan's is a mixed legacy, it is on the whole a good one, and certainly better than most. Whether its assets are to be squandered or reinvested depends on the heir chosen this fall. □

SOCIALISM'S DEATH RATTLE

GEORGE GILDER

Tim Bower

RONALD REAGAN'S legacy is a new epoch of American leadership in liberty and strength. Through his economic policies, Reagan brought the United States to world leadership among major industrial nations in all the key dimensions of economic growth: investment (51 per cent growth), industrial production (30 per cent growth), manufacturing productivity (26 per cent growth), job creation (15 million new jobs), real per-capita income (18 per cent increase), and technological innovation (a rising U.S. market share in information technologies).

Defying a worldwide siege of economic stagnation, the Reagan boom was unique in the postwar era. By contrast, the U.S. economic recoveries of the 1950s, 1960s, and 1970s all fed on faster growth abroad. During all these prior upturns, the U.S. lagged behind Europe and Japan in all the key indices of expansion. During the Reagan era, the U.S. surpassed Europe by a wide margin and caught up with Japan in rates of economic growth, and led the world in growth of investment and employment. Since Reagan assumed office, the U.S. has been the only major industrial nation to increase investment as a share of GNP or to reduce unemployment.

Unlike the last U.S. surge in job creation, in the 1970s, when productivity and real incomes declined, Reagan's world-beating employment boom was accompanied by a record six-year surge in manufacturing-productivity growth, a steady rise in per-capita income, and a striking increase in the quality of jobs.

Reagan fostered an entrepreneurial resurgence that has restored the U.S. edge in innovation. Over the last several years U.S. firms have been expanding their global lead in the key technologies of the information age. Contrary to many false claims, U.S. firms still produce half the world's microchips. The U.S. share of global computer-software production has been increasing since 1982. At a time when value-added in information technology is moving toward software, microcomputers, and networks, U.S. production of computer software, telecom products, and personal computers is between four and five times Japan's. With scores of new firms in microchips, bioengineering, superconductivity, and supercomputing, Reagan is leaving a legacy of the largest and most rapidly growing generation of high-technology business start-ups in history.

Under Reagan, leading investors around the globe renewed their commitment to the U.S. economy. U.S. investors happily ended their feckless role as "net lenders" to the world, stopped pouring their money into Third World and Communist ratholes, and repatriated funds to the United States. Foreign investors also spurned their own economies and focused investment on America.

This capital flight from abroad and capital repatriation by Americans allowed the U.S. to become the world's leading importer of advanced goods and equipment. Much decried by misinformed mercantilists and xenophobes, this influx of imports and investments was a thoroughly positive reflection of U.S. success in integrating the world economy in the interests of Americans. More than a decade ago, supply-side pioneer Robert Mundell predicted that one necessary and benign effect of tax cuts would be a trade gap. With the U.S. market growing twice as fast as foreign markets, exporters to the U.S. naturally outperformed U.S. exporters to the rest of the world.

On the government side, the Reagan Administration decisively improved the federal debt position. In one of the least-reported transformations of the century, a restructuring of Social Security under Reagan reduced the actual burden of national debt (the real net liabilities of the government) by some $2 trillion. Under Reagan the governmental budget deficit remained lower than the average in other industrial countries; in 1988 it was projected by the

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OECD to be smaller even than West Germany's as a share of GNP.

Under Reagan's tax-cutting regime, real federal revenues in 1982 dollars followed the Laffer curve, growing nearly twice as fast during the 1980s as during the 1970s, and far faster than the revenues of tax-hiking and bracket-creeping European nations. The overall balance sheet of the U.S. economy improved decisively; with the stock market doubling in real terms, bond values increasing by about $2 trillion, and a general rise in real-estate values all dwarfing the deficit, national assets climbed faster than liabilities after declining during the 1970s.

Through his inspiring speeches and cogent example, Reagan has launched a global revival of capitalism. From Margaret Thatcher in Britain to Edward Seaga in Jamaica, a long list of political leaders have cited low U.S. tax rates as a key reason for their own tax reductions. After long delay, Mrs. Thatcher has now unleashed a surge of investment, job growth, and trade deficits that soon may prove comparable to Reagan's.

Taking the argument to the USSR in his historic address to the students at Moscow University, Reagan has carried his global crusade for freedom into the teeth of the Kremlin. Supply-side arguments now resound at the Politburo. All over the Third World, from Ghana to the Philippines, national leaders are sloughing off the coils of socialism and emancipating their workers and entrepreneurs.

Finally, a key Reagan legacy is a defense program based on a recognition that our national peril may rise apace with our national prosperity. Reagan's economic and philosophical defeat of socialism will remain in jeopardy without the complement of new national military strength. Rattling sabers and tin cups, the mendicant militarists of the evil empire—impotent to create wealth—still can wreak havoc. Whatever happens in the Soviet Union, moreover, the United States will have to continue an arms race for the next century with international terrorists and military criminals of socialism lashing out from their caves and covens against the triumph of freedom. In launching the strategic defense initiative, Ronald Reagan left perhaps his most indispensable legacy: a commitment to use the ongoing ten-thousandfold ascent in the efficacy of the new information technologies to bring the arms race under control at last—under American control, the only kind of control that matters. □

An unusual accolade from one of President Reagan's harshest critics, Washington Post *columnist Lou Cannon, in his report on the Toronto economic summit:*

REAGAN'S SUCCESS on the world stage is more than a triumph of personality. He dominated in Toronto, as he often has in his own country, by the power of his ideas. Reagan's principal idea is that individuals and nations prosper when they are allowed maximum freedom. As he put it in Canada last week, "The spark from this faith in freedom has rekindled our fires of opportunity, invention, and growth."

Much has gone wrong in the Reagan years, some of it attributable to the entrepreneurial spirit run amok. But Reagan has presided, at home and abroad, over a renewed commitment to the bedrock values of freedom that form the core of the American experience. It is this commitment that lifts Reagan above his limitations. "Let us choose hope," he said in Canada. "And let us turn to the horizon and greet the morning and continue the adventure that our forefathers started so many years ago when, with faith and freedom, they landed on this great, strange continent and began to build a newer world."

THE REAGAN COALITION

ROBERT D. NOVAK

RONALD REAGAN not only was the first American President to begin enacting an ideological agenda from his first day in office but was more successful in achieving it than all but the wildest optimists dreamed. He has been one of the Republic's most popular Chief Magistrates. Arguably, he is the best President of the twentieth century.

Why, then, the current panic among Republicans and conservatives, who see disaster looming in the first presidential election after Reagan? Is he just another Eisenhower, warmly avuncular but lacking a legacy to steer the American Right away from oblivion? Does the apparent desire of Reagan Democrats—lower-income and ethnic—to return to their inherited party mean Reagan's political impact was ephemeral?

In truth, the Reagan legacy is strong and clear. He collapsed the folk myth that only Republicans who remind voters of liberal Democrats can be elected. He was elected on free-market principles and the promise, which he soon fulfilled, of tax-rate reduction.

His legacy is not only the sustained prosperity of the Reagan era but a transformed political climate. Bruce Babbitt is the last presidential contender not to realize that advocacy of higher taxes is the candidate's death wish. Michael Dukakis kept any tax-increase proposal out of the Democratic platform. Other Western leaders, even the Socialist François Mitterrand, publicly celebrate the glories of Reaganomics.

Other elements of the Reagan Revolution—such as the Reagan Doctrine's assertion that freedom-fighters battling to rid their countries of Communist tyranny deserve American help—have been less successfully imprinted on the national and global consciousness and less consistently pursued over the last eight years. Nevertheless, they are important bequests of the departing President.

The problem is not the legacy but the legatees. The primordial Republican mindset—a desire not to stir up controversy—was for a time strengthened by the illusion of ultimate political victory, fostered by polls indicating that Republican and Democratic sentiment was even in the country. Amid gaseous speculation about "political realignment," Republican candidates in the 1986 campaign aban-

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Tim Bower

doned Reaganite positions and drifted toward the mid-term election disaster.

The "realignment" chimera is an unfond memory. But it has been replaced by the notion that George Bush can be elected President by capitalizing on Reagan's modification of original principles—for example, by encouraging U.S.-Soviet Détente II and drifting to the President's left on such quintessential Democratic issues as education and the environment.

Bush does seem rock hard in his embrace of the Reaganite anti-tax position. But while the words are correct, the music is off-key. If Ronald Reagan's legacy to the nation and to the West is growth over austerity, his legacy to the Republicans is his formula for winning the allegiance of blue-collar Democrats. What the party does with it will become clearer in four months, but its use carries no statute of limitations. □

MY KIND OF GUY

JOSEPH SOBRAN

RONALD REAGAN should have repealed the New Deal and the Great Society and pulled the United States out of the United Nations, for openers. He didn't.

Well, you can't have everything. American politics for a long time has been a tug of war between two paradigms: the socialist and one that has no name, though it's implicit in our whole tradition.

The socialist order secularizes and collectivizes. The traditional order resists these processes. It isn't "anti-government," but it recognizes that, as Michael Oakeshott puts it, governing is a specific and limited activity. The state exists not to impose ends on us or to marshal us to a collective destiny, but to see to it that we pursue our own individual ends within the safety of an impersonal and impartial rule of law.

Oakeshott has also given useful (though abstruse-sounding) generic names to these two models. *Teleocracy* (goal-directed rule) is the form of the state that herds its subjects to its ends; *nomocracy* (rule of law) is the form that respects our right to private pursuits. America, partially corrupted by the socialist *Zeitgeist* of the twentieth century, has been a nomocracy in slow transition to teleocracy.

That's the big picture in a nutshell. Teleocracy is marked by grandiose campaigns: "building a new society," in utopian terms; or, in the more pragmatic American vein, "eliminating" this and that—poverty, discrimination, war, sex-role stereotyping. The modern political idiom is teleocratic. Those who resist the big program are condemned as small-souled, or worse: selfish, racist, *backward*. The teleocrat has seen the Future, and it works.

But the nomocratic spirit stubbornly perdures, resisting assimilation. It furtively prefers a Nixon to a McGovern, though it usually can't give good reasons. When it saw Reagan—now *there* was someone it could get to *like*.

We nomos poured out of the closet to support Reagan. Now, after eight years of him, we tend to feel he's let us down. He hasn't put the teleos to flight as we'd hoped. In fact he's made a number of serious concessions to them.

He's not very good at explaining his own mission. At times you suspect he hasn't read Oakeshott: he even brags about his Administration in terms that must please the cold black hearts of the teleos (we've increased spending on program X). And when, on the other hand, he actively resists them, he tends to fall back on what George Will rightly calls "careless anti-government rhetoric." We do, after all, want *some* kind of government.

I, for one, feel toward him a sort of affectionate disappointment. He didn't do all he might have done, but his heart is in the right place, and I honor him for that. He's a bona-fide nomo. And he has temporarily drawn the country back in the proper direction.

Temporarily—ah, there's the rub. I'm afraid that what might have been a legacy will turn out to have been only an impulse. And not because he couldn't dismantle Leviathan, but because the Great Communicator never quite communicated the essential thing, never really defined the ultimate question, never spoke the words that would ensure his successors would always know clearly what was at stake. He never managed to name once and for all, as Lincoln would have done in his place, the tradition he was trying to defend and restore.

His deeds were more than good enough, as far as they went. It was his words that failed him. And so he'll leave behind the muddle he found. □

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WHEN THE BISHOPS SPEAK

FATHER AVERY DULLES is almost certainly the most widely respected Roman Catholic theologian in the country. And deservedly so. He is surely not the favorite theologian of either the leftist partisans gathered around the *National Catholic Reporter* or of the rightists around *The Wanderer*. But in the maddening confusions of American Catholicism, Father Dulles gives definition and dignity to the term "centrist." When Dulles speaks, Catholics listen. And not only Catholics.

Dulles recently spoke in New York on the controverted question, "What is the role of a bishops' conference?" In his forcefully understated and deliciously nuanced manner, Dulles addressed a widespread puzzlement over who speaks for the Roman Catholic Church. There are the Pope, the Roman curia, the local bishop, and the Catholic press, as well as the individual clerics, theologians, and activists who capture media attention. Sometimes they seem to be defining the Catholic position on this or that in quite contrary ways. The Second Vatican Council of the 1960s created yet another voice, as national bishops' conferences were established around the world. The National Conference of Catholic Bishops (NCCB) is the Catholic voice that, next to the Pope's, has been most heard by Americans in recent years. Many worry that it has at times drowned out all the other voices, including the Pope's.

Bishops' conferences are not really so new. Dulles reminds us that in the early centuries of the undivided Church, before the rise of the medieval papacy, local and regional councils of bishops played an important role. With the sixteenth-century Reformation, the Church in the West was divided and the dynamics of the Counter-Reformation tended to concentrate teaching authority (the *magisterium*) in Rome. In theory, the *magisterium* had two locations, the papacy and the bishop in his diocese. Vatican Council II proposed the bishops' conference as an "intermediate" agency between the two. The fear of some is that the conference will pre-empt the teaching authority of the Pope or the local bishop, or both. That danger can be avoided, Dulles suggests, if a clearer distinction is made between the pastoral and the doctrinal *magisterium*. The mandate of the primarily pastoral bishops' conference is not to define doctrine but effectively to apply and communicate that doctrine so that it can be more fully received.

In practice, of course, such distinctions can get lost. When the NCCB speaks on arms control, or AIDS, or welfare reform, many take this to be "the Catholic position," binding upon all the faithful. "So far as I am aware," says Dulles, "no episcopal conference has ever tried to impose as obligatory any belief that went beyond the general doctrine of the Church." So, in theory, the teaching authority of the NCCB is carefully limited. Confusion arises in large part because the media tend to latch on to NCCB statements, especially when those statements touch on disputed questions in the political arena. The problem is that many, if not most, Catholics get their main impression of their church's teaching from the secular media. Although Dulles is too polite to say so directly, an exacerbating factor is that some in the NCCB and its staff measure their "effectiveness" in terms of press-clipping inches and 30-second slots on network news.

As Dulles does say, some of the most effective work of the NCCB is the least publicized. For example, in religious education, evangelization, and ecumenical relations with other churches, the NCCB is a valuable instrument of mediation and coordination. In addition, Dulles commends the NCCB for developing methods of comprehensive consultation in preparing its statements. This Lutheran can warmly second that. The stereotype is that Roman Catholicism is hierarchical and top-down in its decision-making, whereas Protestant churches are participatory and democratic. Formally, there is truth in that. But in reality the presumably democratic conventions of most Protestant churches are thoroughly manipulated by hierarchical bureaucracies, leaving much less room for discussion and criticism than the Catholic bishops invite in the development of their major statements.

YET DULLES cautions that the bishops may be too preoccupied with pastoral letters and statements, especially those that address public policy. "It is important for the bishops to be seen as offering a distinctly religious perspective and to avoid being drawn into anything resembling partisan politics, a field in which lay persons have the primary competence," he says. Churches that are perceived to be taking positions on everything are soon taken seriously on little or nothing. Such is the unhappy fate of liberal Protestantism in recent decades. In this case it is true that less is more.

However, it is not just a question of doing something less but of doing something different. The NCCB, says Dulles, should focus on "a forthright, urgent, and credible proclamation of Christ and the Gospel." Also, when it addresses the *res publica*, it should draw on the deeper wisdom of distinctively Christian truth. Father Dulles concludes: "Vastly more important than the positions taken by the conference on issues such as taxation, the minimum wage or the MX missile is the bishops' conference's capacity to project an authentically Catholic version of the good society." To which we may all say, Amen. □

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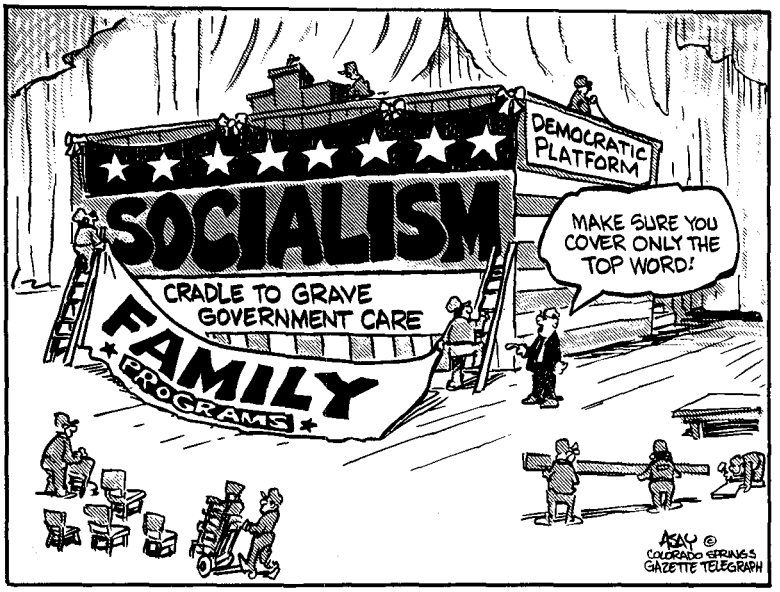
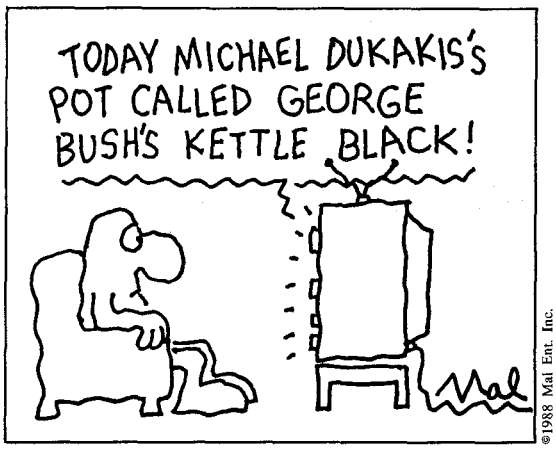
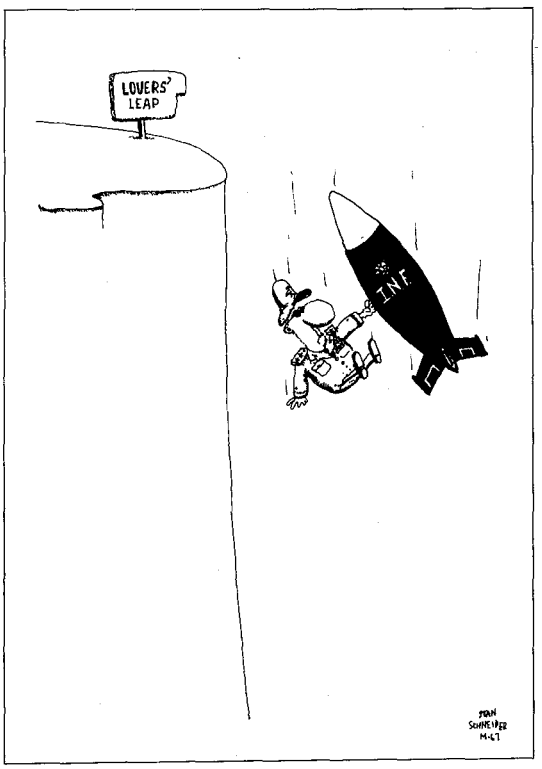




Ammunition Arrives

Just as, inside the fortress, Bush
  Had started on the rats,
Dukakis mentioned taxes and
  Spooked half the Democrats.

W. H. von Dreele



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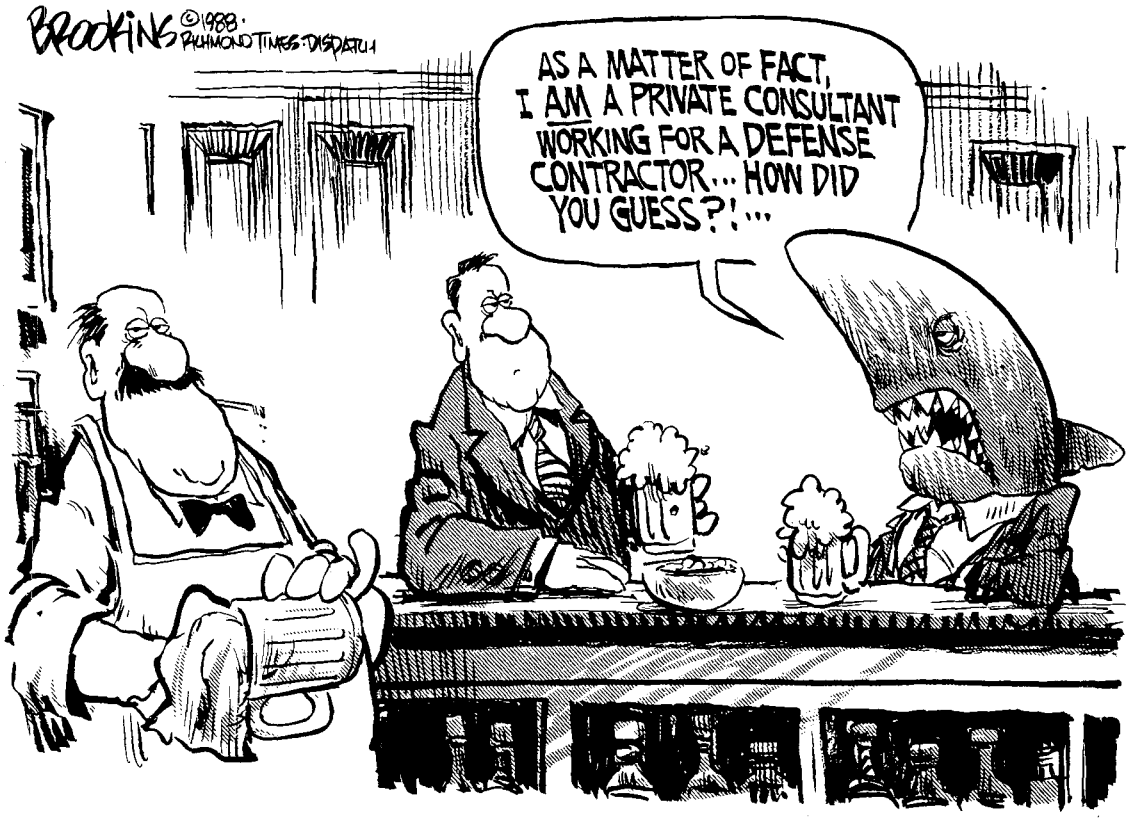

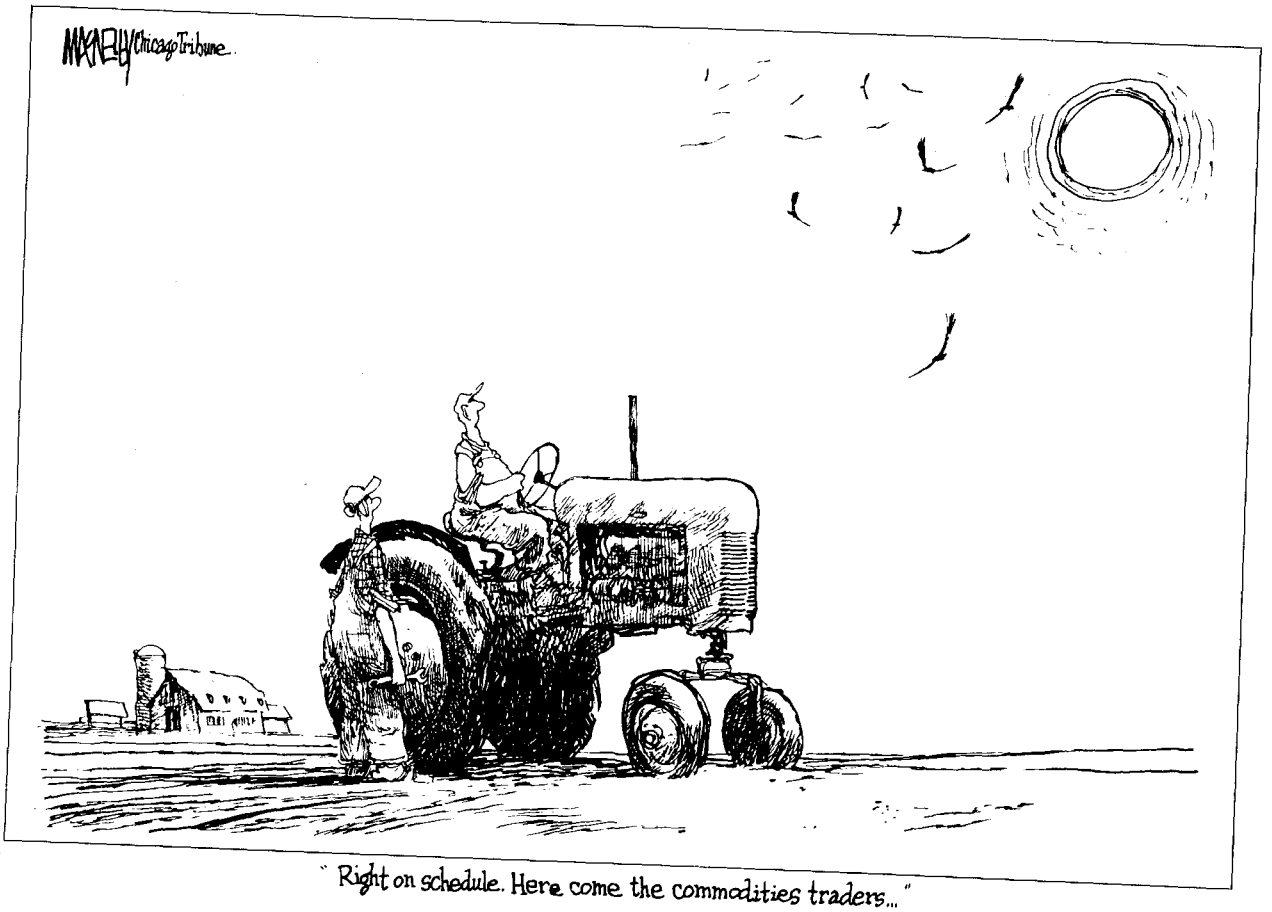

"Right on schedule. Here come the commodities traders..."

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THE NEW SERFS

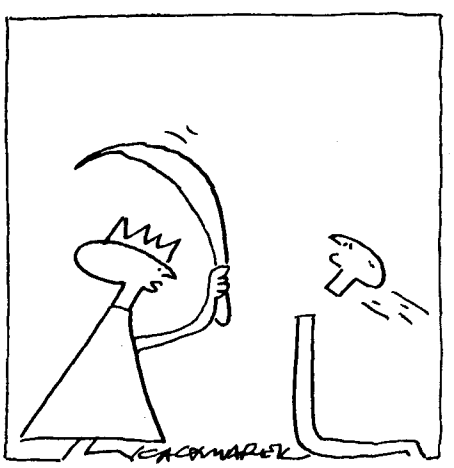
In 1970 Stephen Elias was a lawyer with a brand-new JD degree and a commitment to serving the poor; he went into legal services. For almost a decade, Elias worked in various legal-aid programs funded by the Legal Services Corporation. He challenged laws restricting welfare eligibility, he organized class-action lawsuits, he did everything but what he had set out to do: help poor clients. "Looking back on it, I don't know what good we did," says Elias, who now writes self-help law manuals geared to the poor's legal needs. "Programs that were trying to deliver services were basically looked down upon. You were considered a much better agency if you concentrated on trying to change the system. In the end we shifted money around. What did it do for people? I don't know." Elias's dedication to helping indigent clients remains. What has changed is his ideas on the way to go about it. And therein lies a tale.

The Legal Services Corporation, an independent corporation created and funded by the Federal Government, has been the bane of conservatives since it emerged in the Seventies as the Left's secret weapon: a $300-million cornucopia for rebel lawyers with a cause. In the guise of helping the poor, taxpayers' money goes to radical legal think-tanks, strategy sessions, and class-action lawsuits that have sought, in many cases successfully, to expand the welfare state and undermine bourgeois social values (see box, next page). Meanwhile thousands of poor people with ordinary legal difficulties cannot obtain a lawyer.

The root of the problem? A legal-services delivery system that puts control in the hands of legal-aid lawyers rather than poor clients. "If middle-class people get lousy lawyers, they can fire them. Poor people can't," says Bob Woodson, president of the National Center for Neighborhood Enterprise. "The problem with legal services is the same as the problem with most services to poor people. Money intended to help the poor gets transferred to service providers. The poor have no influence over which services are given or how they are delivered."

"It's too lawyer-dominated," agrees Elias. "Lawyers like to do what interests them. Routine legal work is boring. It's a lot more fun to do the kind of work that interests you intellectually, like law reform."

1988 is not the first year efforts have been made to change this system, but this year the Reagan Administration has switched tactics. Instead of asking Congress to eliminate all funding for Legal Services, Reagan has proposed giving LSC $250 million for the next year, while instituting key structural reforms, such as slashing funding for legal "support centers" (which function as radical think-tanks) and instituting competitive bidding. The latter would eliminate the current presumptive funding, in which the same legal-services grantees are guaranteed refunding each year unless convicted of gross misuse of funds. "Right now, it's impossible to get rid of a grantee," says Representative Bill McCollum (R., Fla.). "You've got to find a grantee in violation so great, and that doesn't happen so often."



"I dub thee headless."

In politics, semantics is destiny. As it happens, at the same time the Senate Appropriations Committee added $53 million to the $250 million Reagan had requested for Legal Services, it cut the Drug Enforcement Administration's funding by about $40 million. Senator Phil Gramm (R., Tex.) senses an opportunity. "Congress cut DEA to fund Legal Services. I think we should have a vote on that," says Gramm. "What do people want: more money for legal services to promote social causes or more money to fight drugs?" According to an aide to Senator Grassley (R., Iowa), who has written a letter to Bob Dole urging him to join Gramm's crusade, if they succeed in cutting LSC's basic appropriation they will have gained a powerful bargaining chip to use in pushing through structural reform.

Bargaining with whom, you may ask. Primarily Senator Warren Rudman (R., N.H.), who has emerged as the unlikely champion of the status quo, and a stumbling block to GOP efforts at reform. "Rudman ordinarily has good sense," muses Gramm. "On this one issue, he's got an abnormality in his heart."

Clark Durant, chairman of the board of the Legal Services Corporation, is pushing an even more drastic reform. I met Durant a few days before he was called before a House Judiciary subcommittee, "to rake me over the coals," he says cheerfully. At forty, Durant possesses a bow-tie, youthful vigor, and the kind of gleeful political courage that leads a man to choose a meeting of the ABA as a forum for denouncing the bar's monopoly on legal services. I like to think of him as a cross between a pit bull and a Yorkshire terrier, a sort of *Benji Goes Republican*. "What we have to do is

Miss Gallagher is NR*'s article editor.*

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break up the bar's cartel and broaden the base of providers, so we can give more service to poor people at less cost," Durant tells me. Just as, in England, solicitors handle routine legal work while barristers argue cases, Durant suggests that allowing qualified paralegals into the legal-services delivery system would benefit clients.

CURRENTLY, poor people are routinely turned away by neighborhood legal-services centers that refuse to handle bankruptcy, wills, paternity suits, contested divorces and child-support or -custody cases. "I saw thousands of people who weren't getting any services," says Elias. "Judging from the number of people coming to us at Nolo [which publishes self-help law manuals] saying they were turned down by Legal Services, I don't think the situation has improved at all."

Rose Palmer-Phelps runs Support, Inc., the only non-lawyer judicially approved support program in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania. Her case load has jumped from twenty calls a month to over three hundred, many of them referrals from the local neighborhood legal-services program. "We assess the whole client," says Mrs. Palmer-Phelps. Women who are unskilled or have never worked, and are suddenly left to support themselves, get referred to a community-college program for "displaced homemakers"; she helps them get free baby-sitting and financial aid, and acts as an advocate with utility companies and other creditors. She puts clients in touch with the Salvation Army, local food banks, and even gets them emergency checks if necessary. "Clients see us as a little island," she says. "I have guys that come in and just sob."

Toni Staab is one of the thousands of poor clients neighborhood legal services turn away each year. In January 1985, Mrs. Staab's husband walked out, leaving her $100 and three kids to feed. He cleaned out the bank accounts, ran up huge charge bills, and failed to pay three months' worth of gas and electric bills. The neighborhood legal services told Mrs. Staab they wouldn't handle divorce or child-support cases. "They told me Reagan budget cuts were the reason," she says. (In actuality, in 1985, LSC grants totaled $288 million, $10 million more than in 1984 and $38 million more than in 1979. But clients turned away from legal-services programs are frequently told Reagan is to blame.) Like many blue-collar women, Toni Staab wasn't used to questioning authority; when a court clerk refused to process her court papers, claiming she had no right to child support, she believed him. "Rose Palmer was a god-send. She told me I had a *right* to file these papers and I should march

(Continues on page 56)

It's Only the Law

IT'S AGAINST the law for legal-services attorneys to use federal funds to litigate in favor of, or to help procure, non-therapeutic abortions, but that doesn't stop them—they have a mission.

That mission was probably best expressed by Dorothy Lang, a lawyer from the National Health Law Program, in a February 1981 article in *Clearinghouse Review*, the monthly (taxpayer-financed) bible of the legal-services movement. "Poor women," she wrote, "need to exercise control over their own bodies by making their own decisions as to when to abort and when to be sterilized. To exercise this control they need assistance in maintaining a guaranteed source of funding for abortions and sterilizations. . . . It is critical to the lives and health of our female clients that we undertake these tasks immediately."

And so they did. Senator Gordon Humphrey (R., N.H.) last year put in the *Congressional Record* a five-page list of the abortion cases handled by legal-services attorneys from 1977 to 1986. The plaintiffs include such indigent clients as Planned Parenthood, the Oregon National Abortion Rights Action League, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees, the National Organization for Women, the National Lawyers Guild, and the NAACP—all normally ineligible as legal-services clients, and certainly not the "poor" the program is supposed to aid.

In one case, Oregon Legal Services represented Planned Parenthood in a suit challenging the constitutionality of the Department of Human Resources rule limiting the number of elective abortions for which the state would pay, arguing that "indigent women should be able to have an unlimited number of abortions at public expense." In Washington state, legal-services attorneys argued that the activities of abortion protestors interfered with a woman's right to have an abortion.

In 1979, the then-president of LSC, Dan Bradley, explained to Congress that the Corporation had interpreted the abortion restriction to mean that legal assistance could not be used to procure an abortion, but it was okay to provide assistance (i.e., through class-action suits or lobbying) to attain public funding for abortions. The scandals mentioned above are also reported in an internal LSC study currently in draft, *Legal Services Corporation and the Impact on the Family: A Preliminary Report*, which concludes: "Despite a clear prohibition in the Legal Services Corporation Act, as amended in 1977, against providing legal assistance in litigation concerning abortion, *legal-services attorneys have been active in most of the major abortion cases filed in both state and federal court*" (emphasis added).

HOW DO THEY get away with it? California Rural Legal Assistance attorney Stefan Rosenzweig boasted to his board in a "litigation update" that "once again, CRLA, along with the ACLU, MALDEF, Equal Rights Advocates, and others, have been forced to court to protect the right of indigent women to secure MediCal funding for abortions." When I questioned him about this, he explained rather simply: "We did it with state money." Though $4 million of CRLA's $5-million budget comes from LSC, the rest is state money with few if any strings attached. The federal money pays for overhead and some mundane cases, and the state money is for fun—LSC has no *Grove City*-like rules about other activities "contaminating" those which are federally funded. In other words, says LSC board member Michael Wallace, they can flout the law "if their accountants are good enough."

—R. CORT KIRKWOOD

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FROM CHARITY TO 'COMPASSION'

I WILL TELL YOU a Philadelphia Society secret: reporters are not allowed at its national meetings. There are always a couple of NATIONAL REVIEW editors present, but nobody thinks we qualify. So, the rule is kept, yet once a year you get some report of this most pleasant and fertile of conservative gatherings.

And an *NR* trade secret: the job is rotated informally among the editors, partly to keep a fresh outlook, mostly to see if anyone can think up something new to say about the unvarying meeting routine, which is as familiar and comfy as cotton. I'm not even going to try.

What is ever fresh and fascinating is the ground covered. The more so this year, because the subject lent itself to such sharp, factual focus: "Charity, Philanthropy, and the Welfare State." Most of the speakers were either in the front lines of research or in the last redoubts of a true charitable impulse for organized philanthropy. Veterans, with scars to prove it. The picture that emerged was so widely agreed upon I'll try to summarize it before taking up individual contributions.

Irving Kristol titled his keynote remarks, "No Good Deed Goes Unpunished." This gloomy title introduced an appropriately bleak view of institutional philanthropy today that was echoed, refined, and elaborated by other speakers. Some in the audience thought this view too pessimistic in details. But no one, either speaker or auditor, was willing to say that things go well in the non-profit establishment.

Not long ago, the shining hope of non-profit enterprise was to foster independence: to compete, as it were, with government's misguided do-goodism, which only turns its "beneficiaries" into dependent wards of the state. But all this has been turned upside down, said Kristol. Institutions that were supposed to rescue us from the worst of welfarism—churches, philanthropies, higher education, especially the tax-exempt general-purpose foundations—developed an insatiable affinity for the state and a hunger to serve its purposes. What we get is a whole class of what Kristol bitingly called "professional altruists"—the irony will be lost on the Left—feeding Moloch.

What *is* the purpose of philanthropy? The great Jewish philosopher Maimonides, as Forrest McDonald reminded us, said that the highest form of philanthropy is to help one's fellow man stand on his own. Present-day "philanthropic" institutions invert this and recreate serfdom.

Older charities were based on the Christian vision of a city on a hill. Wealth was not sought for its own sake but to foster virtue, family, and community. Charities had the philosophy, "No relief given here!" Instead, they worked toward such self-help institutions as day nurseries, libraries, and savings banks.

This vision weakened after the Civil War as religious belief waned and industrialism boomed. What came in, with an assist from Marxist groupthink, was the idea of social insurance, followed inevitably by the idea of *entitlement*. The philanthropist's gift became the recipient's right. With this inversion, the seeds of the welfare state are firmly planted. But in the process, a welfare class is created, dependent as well as parasitic, and the charitable impulse is taken away from the involuntary giver.

Concurrently, the focused charity gave way to the general-purpose foundation. Professional managers, guided by "science" instead of philanthropy, allocated foundation funds to the social agenda. The philanthropists' original purpose is almost always distorted or even perverted.

Moreover, the big foundations turn their statist lust into potent leverage in tax dollars. For every dollar they spend setting up the outlines of a liberal program, they may squeeze twenty or fifty dollars out of taxpayers.

In a word, the non-profit sector belongs almost exclusively to the liberals and the Left. Even business goes along: 70 per cent of corporate donations go to left-wing groups. Nineteen of the top 25 corporate donors support radical feminist groups, and many now support gays and lesbians. The "philanthropic" network aggrandizes government, attacks the market, and works to subvert the American system. Yet it is the market that promotes private charity—and, of course, provides the resources—and the state that chokes it.

A GENERALIZED VIEW like this cannot convey either nuance or the richness of detail the speakers offered. In the little space that remains, I would like at least to make introductions, and mention a few more specialized arguments. And assure you that, however bleak the prognosis, the meeting could not have been more good-humored and cheerful.

Forrest McDonald opened the Friday evening keynote session by refusing to introduce Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and discussing the history of philanthropy from potlatch to the constitutional meanings of the three-point shot in basketball. Well, that's close.

Nothing new at the members' breakfast meeting the next morning except that the Treasurer actually used two (albeit rounded and vague) numbers in discussing Society finances. One may infer that the financial picture has improved.

The Saturday morning session, titled "Charity, Welfare, and the State," was chaired by William Campbell (now at Heritage) and featured Allan Carlson

(Continues on page 55)

Mr. Wheeler is a longtime contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW.

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THE DREAM WALKS AGAIN

George H. Nash

Keeping the Tablets: Modern American Conservative Thought, edited by William F. Buckley Jr. and Charles R. Kesler (Harper & Row, 469 pp., $29.95)

As THE Reagan Presidency enters its final months, a specter is haunting conservatives: the specter of a return to the wilderness. Whether the next occupant of the White House be an unreconstructed McGovernite from Massachusetts or the incumbent Vice President from Texas, increasing numbers of conservatives fear that the new Administration will not be theirs and that political initiative in the Nineties will return to their foes on the Left. Like aging New Dealers after the passing of Franklin Roosevelt, anxious Reaganites have begun to lament that the euphoria of 1981 may not recur in their lifetimes.

The mounting restiveness in conservatives' ranks transcends their immediate political prospects. As the unifying and invigorating struggles of the early 1980s recede from consciousness, disturbing signs of sectarianism have begun to afflict an always multifarious movement. Spreading, too, among older conservative leaders is the unsettling conviction that far too many "third generation" activists are insufficiently grounded in the historical and philosophical sources of their beliefs. Thus the Heritage Foundation has instituted graduate-level seminars for young rightists on such topics as "Classics of Twentieth-Century Conservatism"—surely an unusual project for a public-policy think tank to undertake. Thus the Intercollegiate Studies Institute has revived its summer-school program for college students—and has been overwhelmed by the response.

Meanwhile evidence accumulates that Academe, never very hospitable to conservative intellectuals and their world view, is becoming even more antagonistic. What do conservatives stand for if not the preservation of the best in Western civilization? And yet, this spring, in a decision of devastating symbolism, one of the trend-setting universities in the country abandoned its required "Western Culture" course for freshmen, and replaced it with something called "Cultures, Ideas, and Values." Dropping many Western classics from the reading list, the new course will instead emphasize "cultural diversity" and "cultural interaction"—as if the best way for students to learn more about other cultures is to learn less about their own. As the American academy shows increasing signs of sclerosis, the need becomes more imperative to develop alternative means by which at least a Remnant may be educated.

At this critical juncture in the nation's political and intellectual journey, it is singularly fitting that William F. Buckley Jr. has compiled an anthology of modern American conservative thought, with the able assistance of Charles R. Kesler, a frequent contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW. Although officially a revised edition of *American Conservative Thought in the Twentieth Century* (published in 1970), the volume at hand is essentially new. Less than one-third of the material appearing in the 1970 edition is reprinted here, enabling the editors to assemble a fresh, updated, and, in Kesler's words, "representative selection of the best of American conservative thought."

Usually, when one inspects an anthology, a few of its components seem marginal. Not here: every one of this hefty volume's 26 selections truly belongs. Here one finds seminal essays and excerpts from books by such luminaries of the post-1945 conservative renaissance as Richard Weaver, Friedrich Hayek, James Burnham, Milton Friedman, and Russell Kirk. Here, too, are generous samplings from some of the Right's leading political philosophers (Strauss, Voegelin, Kendall, and Jaffa, among others), as well as such influential younger thinkers as Charles

David Lipsky is a freelance writer living in New York.

George McCartney is the author of Confused Roaring: Evelyn Waugh and the Modernist Tradition *(Indiana, 1987).*

George H. Nash is the author of The Conservative Movement in America since 1945 *(Basic Books, 1976). He is currently at work on a multi-volume biography of Herbert Hoover.*

Christopher Simonds was on the staff of NATIONAL REVIEW *from 1967 to 1973.*

Terry Teachout is a member of the editorial board of the New York Daily News.

Judy Warner is a freelance writer and researcher living in New York City.

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ MORE AUGUST TITLES: In *The Other Italy: Italian Resistance in World War II* (Norton, $18.95), Maria de Blasio Wilhelm gives an interesting account of the activities of the three major groups whom she identifies as participating in the spontaneous uprising against both the Nazi occupiers and the native Fascists following Italy's unconditional surrender to the Allies on September 8, 1943: Italian Jews, the Catholic clergy, and the women of Italy.

Keepers of the Keys: John XXIII, Paul VI, and John Paul II (Random House, $18.95), by Wilton Wynn—a former Rome bureau chief for *Time* and member of the Vatican press corps from 1962 until his recent retirement—is an extremely interesting account of the author's relationship with "three who changed the church."

In *Lenten Lands: My Childhood with Joy Davidman and C. S. Lewis* (Macmillan, $14.95), Douglas H. Gresham—whose father was the American novelist W. L. Gresham and whose mother was Joy Davidman, who married Lewis in 1956—describes the years he spent at The Kilns near Oxford, between the time of his arrival in England with his recently divorced mother in 1952 and his eventual removal from the Lewis household following his mother's death in 1960.

☐ COMING IN SEPTEMBER: In *Nuts and Bolts of the Past: A History of American Technology, 1776-1860* (Harper & Row, $17.95), David Freeman Hawke argues that the isolation in which most Americans lived before the Civil War made them of necessity their own handymen and blacksmiths, and that this fact, together with the absence of craft guilds, stimulated their talents as creative mechanics and inventors.

Civil War Soldiers: Their Expectations and Their Experiences (Viking, $24.95), by Reid Mitchell, is an attempt to do for the participants in the American Civil War what other writers have done for the soldiers who fought in World Wars I and II: namely, to recreate, through recourse to letters and diaries, the state and habits of mind of combatants on both sides, as well as the material circumstances in which they lived and fought. Mitchell's fascinating book brings ineluctably to mind Hemingway's dictum that "Civil war is the best kind of war for a writer." —CW

Murray, Thomas Sowell, and George Will. The neoconservative impulse is represented by Norman Podhoretz and Jeane Kirkpatrick (although not, oddly enough, by Irving Kristol). And topping off the confection are sublime and moving contributions by Whittaker Chambers and Albert Jay Nock.

Reading this impressive collection prompts many thoughts. First, one is struck anew by the philosophic introspection, literary breadth, and historical learning of most of the contributors. As their frequent and unforced allusions to ancient and modern figures attest, these are individuals who are genuinely at home in Western civilization. For them our heritage matters; it can teach. One wonders whether an anthology of modern *liberal* thought would disclose the same attributes in such abundance.

Moreover, while some of the essays in the Buckley/Kesler volume are polemical, and nearly all are marked by certitude that the West's very survival is at stake, entirely absent from these pages are the rancor and shrillness that one associates with ideologues. One does not detect here the pent-up bitterness that seems to drive so many of conservatism's enemies on the Left.

Keeping the Tablets is more than a timely compendium of estimable writings, however. As part of its scholarly apparatus, Buckley has reprinted "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" (his introduction to the 1970 edition). In it he recounts some of the treacherous intellectual shoals through which the good ship NATIONAL REVIEW navigated in its early years. His essay contains an important lesson in prudence.

Charles Kesler's introduction is differently focused and more ambitious. After identifying the principal intellectual components of the conservative Grand Alliance, he addresses the disconcerting fact that, for all its recent victories and hard-won status, American conservatism "cannot claim to be successful." A former student (and now a colleague) of Harry Jaffa at Claremont McKenna College, Kesler contends that conservatism has fallen short because it "has not yet learned the vernacular of American politics"—above all, the teaching of the Declaration of Independence that "all men are created equal." According to Kesler, too many conservatives have denied "the first principles of the American founding" and have permitted liberals to pervert the Declaration's true meaning. Thus Kesler has fired a new salvo in one of the longest-running internal battles on the American Right.

Not surprisingly, the contents of *Keeping the Tablets* to some degree reflect Kesler's desire to remedy what he sees as conservatism's deficiencies. More than the 1970 edition, the volume at hand deliberately emphasizes the continuing intellectual fissures on the Right—in order, says Kesler, "to spur the rethinking and crystallization of conservatism's first principles." Thus, for example, Willmoore Kendall's strictures on Abraham Lincoln and the equality principle are immediately followed by Harry Jaffa's rejoinder. In a subtle way this anthology attempts not just to represent modern conservatism but to further its self-definition.

Needless to say, many readers of NATIONAL REVIEW will not be persuaded by Kesler's diagnosis and will be quick to propound other explanations for conservatism's tenuous ascendancy. But in one sense, at least, his point clearly seems well taken: if conservatives are to prevail in the public arena, they must speak in recognizably American terms. Surely the ability to do this accounts in part for the success of postwar conservatism's most popular political embodiment, Ronald Reagan, and his continuing hold on America's affections. Whatever its limitations, his rhetoric and vocabulary are undeniably indigenous—hence comprehensible by everyday people leading everyday, untheoretical lives.

Indeed, after reading Buckley and Kesler's volume one has precisely this wish: that it somehow could have been even longer and have incorporated more essays in applied conservatism—conservatism accessible to grassroots America. Of all the contributions to this volume, only Joseph Sobran's "The Abortion Culture" discusses the religious and social issues that have mobilized millions and made possible the Reagan Presidency. Similarly, no contributor confronts head-on the two most revolutionary intellectual currents of our era: feminism and environmentalism. Both have had far more impact on American law and mores than postwar conservatism so far has —a matter worth sober reflection.

How one wishes also that there had been room for the now-classic essay

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"Goodbye to All That" by the ex-New Leftists Peter Collier and David Horowitz. And if conservatism be best understood in contrast to its principal domestic adversary, one wishes that the editors could have stretched their volume to include James Burnham's unforgettable dissection of secular liberalism in Chapter 15 of *Suicide of the West*.

But all anthologies necessarily have their limits. As it happened, the editors of this one were obliged to drop eight essays from their final selection. In any case, this reader's yearning for even more delectables on the menu does not diminish the feast put before us. *Keeping the Tablets* is indeed just that: a veritable picnic spread of wisdom and purposive scholarship.

Contemplating its varied riches reminds us of one thing more. The conservative intellectual movement since 1945 has become in a way like a hand, comprising five separate yet associated digits: traditionalist, libertarian, anti-Communist, neoconservative, and New Right. If any one of these is severed and removed, or tries to function to the exclusion of others, the hand as a whole loses effectiveness.

In this season of conservative discontent, then, as the American Right gropes for its compass, those within it who seek to rediscover their heritage now have an excellent place to begin. Buckley and Kesler deserve our thanks —and our readership. □

OUT OF HAND

Terry Teachout

Beyond Malice: The Media's Years of Reckoning, by Richard M. Clurman (Transaction, 306 pp., $24.95)

CONSERVATIVE JOURNALISTS write angry, frustrated books about the systematic liberal bias of the news media. Liberal journalists write slick, self-satisfied books in which they seek to demonstrate, after much genteel handwringing about the venial sins of their well-meaning colleagues, that the news media are basically pretty wonderful.

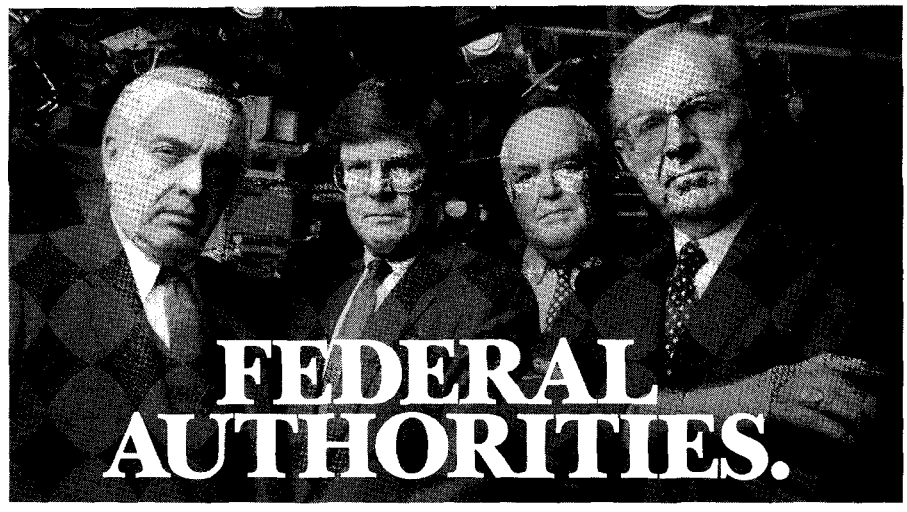
These two kinds of arguments have an exasperating way of canceling each other out. There is no shortage of polling data suggesting that most people have had it up to their eyebrows with the Fourth Estate. But the same people continue to gobble up the products of the American news media in record quantities. They may not believe what they read. They may not like the folks who write it. But they continue to consume it, no matter what Reed Irvine and William Rusher may have to say on the subject.

Enter Richard M. Clurman, a certified former member of the media elite. After two decades of faithful service at Time Inc., Clurman is currently acting as chairman of the board of the Columbia University Seminars on Media and Society, in which capacity he has produced this intelligent and compelling book.

Clurman is no conservative. He goes in for his fair share of genteel handwringing, together with a modicum of complacent backpatting. ("By the mid Eighties, the American news media, with all their faults, not only were the freest, most varied, and most informative in the world, but they were better than they ever had been. No one could seriously quarrel with that judgment.") But beneath the foliage of qualification, Clurman has chosen to trumpet in print what a growing number of aging press honchos will only whisper with the doors locked and the shades drawn: that the arrogance and indifference of the media elite have gotten dangerously out of hand.

Clurman starts off by taking a look at a collection of recent front-page stories: Gary Hart's sex life, Joe Biden's plagiarisms, Bob Woodward's death-bed "interview" with Bill Casey, Douglas Ginsburg's pot-smoking history, the Dan Rather-George Bush imbroglio. "Each of these stories," he observes, "produced a raw backlash blaming the press or at minimum wondering where all this media intensity and prying was leading." But the main course on his plate is a lengthy examination of *Westmoreland* v. *CBS Inc.* and *Sharon* v. *Time Inc.* In the matter of "The Uncounted Enemy," CBS's documentary on General William Westmoreland, Clurman finds that "a potentially good piece of journalism was destroyed by sensational overstatement." As for *Time*'s story on Ariel Sharon, "*Time* could produce no evidence to support an unnecessary and damaging charge in an otherwise impeccable story."

These cases, and others like them, have produced what Clurman calls an "assumed, almost casual resentment"



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of the news media on the part of Americans. This resentment is inchoate. There is no constituency for censorship in America. But there is a great deal of free-floating hostility over the propensity of the media to invade privacy and to stress bad news over good. This hostility, Clurman argues, is exacerbated by the extreme arrogance of the press, by its steadfast unwillingness to criticize itself, and by its even greater unwillingness to *correct* itself.

Clurman advocates institutional forums extending a right of reply to people who feel they have been unjustly attacked or unfairly covered. ("The one-way freeway the media now control is not enough. The public wants at least one lane of its own to buck the media traffic. It should get it.") He also thinks that the news media should "cover and criticize their own performance and practices with the same determination and enterprise with which they report everyone else's." *Beyond Malice* is full of grimly amusing stories about the "self-serving abstinence" with which the news media approach their own scandals:

> In its full-page annual review of the 47,000 letters it received ("Looking into 1985's Mailbag"), *Time* covered 22 different subjects. On the topic of the press, the article mentioned that in 1985 "many readers charged the media" with being soft on crime, inflating the significance of Reagan's visit to the German war cemetery at Bitburg, and encouraging terrorism by giving it too much publicity. But, astonishingly, it said not one word about any letters it received on its own Sharon libel suit.

As tepid as these reforms may sound, the fact is that they would constitute drastic and significant departures from the news media's well-established norms. These norms were responsible for *Westmoreland* v. *CBS Inc.* and *Sharon* v. *Time Inc.* Clurman's reforms would probably have prevented both cases from going to trial; it's more than likely that they would also defuse a great deal of conservatives' furious criticism of the news media.

But will they happen? Don't count on it. Reporters of Richard Clurman's generation took up journalism to make a decent living. Reporters of the post-Watergate generation are looking for something different: power. They go into journalism for much the same reasons that some of their coevals put up with the petty frustrations of junior policy posts. Infinitely sophisticated about the realities of modern-day mass journalism, these young men and women know that journalists can wield a degree of power comparable to that of bureaucrats, and far more immediate in its effects. They also know that they will never have to stand for reelection. And they are overwhelmingly left-liberal in their political and social convictions. Why should they trade power for responsibility, much less accountability?

Richard Clurman is not very specific about what he thinks will happen if his eminently sensible reforms are not put into effect. He ends on a conventionally "thoughtful" note: "The only way for the press to handle its new power is more carefully than it does now. Much more carefully." He might better have ended with the ominous words of Judge Irving Kaufman that serve as the epigraph to one of the chapters of *Beyond Malice*:

> A press that wishes to maintain its privileged position can do so only by regaining public confidence, which at the moment has declined. The first step is to respond less arrogantly to those who criticize its performance and less defensively to those who challenge its autonomy. □

IN SEARCH OF IAN HAMILTON

Judy Warner

In Search of J. D. Salinger, by Ian Hamilton (Random House, 222 pp., $17.95)

If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is where I was born, and what my lousy childhood was like, and how my parents were occupied and all before they had me, and all that David Copperfield kind of crap, but I don't feel like going into it, if you want to know the truth. . . . I'm not going to tell you my whole goddam autobiography or anything.

INTRODUCING HIMSELF as the narrator of *The Catcher in the Rye*, Holden Caulfield, J. D. Salinger's now-famous adolescent, commits a very adult act of irony: he simultaneously refuses to tell his life story, and embarks on a book-length self-description. At the beginning of Ian Hamilton's new biography, *In Search of J. D. Salinger*, Salinger begins his own life story in a similar way, but without the irony: he flatly says that he won't have anything to do with it, and he doesn't.

When Hamilton first approached Salinger in 1983 and proposed his idea for a literary life study, the author wrote back: "Speaking from rather unspeakably bitter experience . . . I do feel I must tell you, for what very little it may be worth, that I think I've borne all the exploitation and loss of privacy I can possibly bear in a single lifetime." He challenged the biographer's right "to break into the privacy not only of a person not reasonably suspected of criminal activity but into the lives as well, however glancingly, of that person's relatives and friends."

Hamilton recalls this incident in his preface to this somewhat strange biography. "The signals," he writes, "were, well, shall we say, ill mannered, both hostile and provocative: 'You'll get nothing out of me.'"

The bitter defensiveness of this first exchange sets the tone for Hamilton's study of Salinger's life from 1919 to 1965, when the author of *The Catcher in the Rye*, four novellas, and nine very popular short stories published his last piece in *The New Yorker* and withdrew from the public eye. Salinger has been a recluse since the early 1950s, when he moved to Cornish, New Hampshire. In 1953, he granted a sole interview to two high-school students he trusted as friends, and has otherwise avoided all contact with the press. Sleuthing photojournalists have tracked him; *Life* and *Time* have been unable to determine whether or not he owns a dog. So elusive was the best-selling and high-profile (if invisible) author that *Time* magazine felt driven, in the early 1960s, to send out a team of reporters to hunt down real-life models for the many little-girl saviors in Salinger's fiction. Needless to say, the campaign to "open Mr. Salinger's closet of little girls," as a *Time* telex put it, failed to produce any salient—or salable—copy.

Writing and publishing a biography of Salinger turned out to be a challenge of Sisyphean proportions. Hamilton's first attempt, an unauthorized study called *J. D. Salinger: A Writing Life*, which was scheduled to appear in 1986, died in bound galleys. This

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work drew heavily on unpublished letters Salinger had written to friends and editors between 1939 and 1961, and Salinger charged Hamilton with invasion of privacy and infringement of copyright. His lawyers argued, and in 1987 a federal appeals court ruled, that by quoting and paraphrasing large portions of these letters, Hamilton had exceeded the bounds of "fair use" and had effectively appropriated the "expressive heart" of Salinger's work. *J. D. Salinger: A Writing Life* became *In Search of J. D. Salinger* through two compulsory rewrites, which have purged the book of anything that might be construed as Salinger's "expressive heart." As a result, the story is frustrated, angry, stifled and stifling: a testimony to Salinger's silent will.

What we are left with is only the bare bones of a life: a wealthy New York childhood, an unimpressive student career at the McBurney School and the Valley Forge Military Academy, disdainful years at Ursinus College, the slow cultivation of an introverted, superior personal style. We follow Salinger as he goes to war, invades Utah Beach, recovers, marries a Frenchwoman, divorces, returns to a successful career in New York, and then retreats—away from fame, into Eastern religion and rural New Hampshire, where he remarries, and divorces, for good.

Unfortunately, as Hamilton himself admits, the book's portrait of Salinger lacks "any vivid sense of presence"; what presence there is is the author's, and his prejudices form a dense screen. If it were possible to hear Salinger speak, it would be easier to judge whether some of Hamilton's conclusions ("We *wouldn't* have liked him much if we had known him then") are anything more than distaste born of bitter hindsight. Hamilton describes Salinger as "a cheeseman's son," calls his family "nouveau riche." He shows a predilection for quoting sources who disliked the young man, while giving little mention to those who might have found him a "regular guy" (as one is reported to have done). Salinger's letters are described as "tough, wisecracking, mock-boastful, and, now and then, plain boastful," full of "cocksureness . . . wisecracks, [and] slick nightclubbing charm." Yet their omission makes it hard to trust such blanket statements.

Hamilton says he had planned his book as a "literary adventure story with the biographer as a leading character," which would raise "key questions about the whole business of 'biography'—what is it for, why do we write it, why do people want to read it?" Hamilton does indeed appear in the book, and in a most unflattering light. Narrating in a pompous royal "we," he splits himself into a "good" biographer and a "bad" "sleuthing alter ego." He likens his detective triumphs to the work of "policemen" or "torturers."

Hamilton asserts that, by dropping out of the literary marketplace, Salinger committed a writer's suicide: "He was, in any real-life sense, invisible, as good as dead." And wish gives birth to fact: very little of Salinger lives and breathes in the pages of this book. □

RATTING

George McCartney

Elia Kazan: A Life, by Elia Kazan (Knopf, 848 pp., $24.95)

In Elia Kazan's film *On the Waterfront*, Terry Malloy, longshore goon turned government informer, redeems his soul by battling corrupt union chief John Friendly.

"You ratted on us," Friendly bellows in their climactic confrontation.

"From where you stand, maybe," Terry roars back. "But I'm standing over here now. I was ratting on myself all those years. I didn't even know it. . . . I'm glad what I done to you, you hear that? I'm glad what I done."

In his autobiography, *Elia Kazan: A Life*, Kazan exhaustively recounts his career in theater and film, but it's Terry's triumphant declaration that brings his rambling reminiscences into focus. Terry "was me," he reveals, "saying, with identical heat, that I was glad I'd testified as I had." Kazan is referring to his own testimony before the House Committee on Un-American Activities in 1952, when he decided to tell the truth about his brief membership in the Communist Party and to name others involved in its intrigues. Terry's struggle was his own "story, now told to all the world."

After two years' membership, during which he had witnessed playwrights and producers being bullied into serving the Party's interests and undergone some humiliating group "re-education" himself, he quit in 1935. Nothing much changed at first. His political sympathies remained conventionally leftist. He didn't object to the Party's advertised goals. He just couldn't abide its artistic "straitjacket" and its skulking plots. But when he went public with the truth, the Left turned lockstep against him. Long-time associates vilified him. Close friends shunned him. He and scenarist Budd Schulberg answered them all with *Waterfront*, their drama of divided loyalties and individual conscience.

Still, to this day Kazan is not easy. His "ratting" haunts his book from beginning to end. At one point he almost succumbs to E. M. Forster's sentimental formula: given the choice, it's more honorable to betray your country than your friend. On the occasion of his first wife's death in 1963, he receives a letter of sympathy from a

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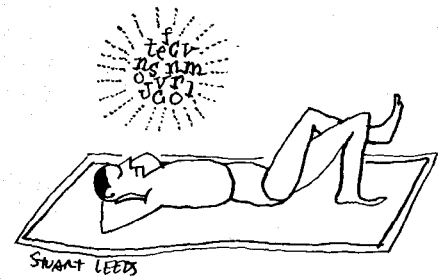
man he had named in the HUAC hearings. This is a former friend who, at the time, had slandered him viciously to discredit his testimony. Kazan wonders: Was he right to hurt this friend and others like him? What good has it done? The emotion is understandable, but it should give way to reflection. After all, Kazan left the Party precisely because it sought to suffocate personal loyalties and individual choice. It's his former friend who, wittingly or not, chose to defend its policies at the expense of friendship.

Kazan's continuing struggle with his political sympathies reveals once more the hold left-liberalism can exert. Subscribe to the Left's vision and you find yourself on the side of the angels. You don't have to think. And while you're effortlessly furthering the cutting edge of History, you can get on with what really matters: your career. Leftism passes the final test of the self-involved—it makes you feel good.

It's telling that when Kazan and his one-time friend Arthur Miller translated their respective experiences with HUAC into art, they both chose the docks for their settings—Kazan in *Waterfront*, Miller in *A View from the Bridge*. They both idealize the poor, feeling them to be somehow inherently more honest than the affluent. Of course they know better. But they *feel* this way. Sentiment, in other words, approaches sentimentality. Whereas sentiment expresses genuine concern for other people, sentimentality luxuriates in the feelings others arouse in oneself.

I don't mean to criticize the artistic merit of either work, especially Kazan's. In *Waterfront* he clearly rose above his sentimentality. I only isolate the self-regarding impulse for what it reveals politically. Here's a man of the Left, sincerely committed to democratic ideals and his fellow man, but he doesn't scruple to use the plight of the less fortunate to serve as a mask for his own agenda. Isn't this a sentimental indulgence akin to the "idealism" that has permitted others—whether self-righteously or cynically—to use the workers with other aims in mind? Once people are categorized, however flatteringly, it becomes all too easy to reduce them to integers in a social engineer's calculations. To change metaphors, sentimentality is the first ingredient in the recipe that doesn't care how many eggs must be broken to make the omelette.



This tendency to value others according to the calculus of sentimentality appears in another of Kazan's preoccupations: womanizing. An anecdote he tells about Jimmy Cagney makes the point. Cagney had always been Kazan's screen hero, and the older actor didn't let him down in person when they co-starred in *City for Conquest*. Cagney, the consummate professional, generously shared his knowledge and insight. But there was one thing that puzzled Kazan: Cagney's unspoken but visible contempt for Anatole Litvak, the film's director. Trying to figure it out, Kazan supposes Cagney must have been reacting to Litvak's much ballyhooed lechery. The gossip sheets daily reported the director's nightly escapades. Apparently each evening a different starlet sparkled in the gentleman's firmament.

Was this Cagney's reason for disliking the man? Then, Kazan speculates, perhaps Cagney had "woman problems." The inference is startling—the more so since another is much closer to hand. It seems far more likely that Cagney was disgusted with a man who would callously use his professional position to exploit young women desperate for career advancement.

Kazan doesn't entertain this possibility. I suspect he doesn't want to. He himself was a womanizer, taking up with a series of willing partners, including the great Monroe herself, this century's ubiquitous concubine. As with his politics, Kazan is ambivalent here also. He's endlessly contrite for the distress his philandering visited on his first wife, the mother of his four children. Time and again he tells us how he made a fool of himself with other women. But for each confession, there's also a justification: Infidelity is natural; everyone does it, if not in deed, then in imagination. Yes, people get hurt, but then who doesn't suffer in this life? The artist has a right to erotic adventure: it's a necessary spur to creativity. Besides, he and his various partners have learned from one another, grown in their careers, become fuller, more exuberant people.

Perhaps. But one wonders how many of these women rushed to his bed impelled by overmastering passion and how many paused to assess what favors they might gain from a man so enviably placed in the entertainment industry. Kazan is honest enough to acknowledge such prudential motivations, but he examines their implications sparingly, almost peripherally. He clearly doesn't want to dwell on the issue.

The real interest here is the continuum his behavior suggests. His liberalism is of a piece with his eroticism. The two exhibit a similar sentimentality: as he idealizes the poor, so does he idealize his romances. In both cases, other people often seem to count less for themselves than for the feelings they occasion in him. Such is liberalism's psychotherapeutic ethos.

But Kazan is an artist. And, as he argues, artists are too self-involved to be wholly respectable. Quite. Yet the greatest artists are those who have developed beyond this narcissistic stage.

At 78 Kazan may have another project before him. The raw material is right here in his autobiography. Artistically transformed, it could reveal the sentimental solipsism at the core of conventional leftism. I can think of no one better equipped to take on the task than Terry Malloy's alter ego. □

NEWS FROM AN UNREMARKED WORLD

David Lipsky

Where I'm Calling From: New and Selected Stories, by Raymond Carver (Atlantic Monthly Press, 393 pp., $19.95)

IN THE record industry, they're called compilation albums: best songs from early albums, many no longer available, plus a smattering of new ones, available nowhere else. When a singer changes labels, the new company generally releases one, to show off their catch and also to remind record buyers that the singer's still around.

Raymond Carver's fourth collection, *Where I'm Calling From*, is a compilation album. There are two reasons for its being released now. First, Carver, 49 and widely considered Ameri-

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ca's foremost short-story writer, has recently changed labels, from Knopf to Atlantic Monthly Press. Second, Carver was inducted this spring into the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters. For ten years, he's been a fixture in the literary cosmos, visible to trained professionals but not easily spotted by the naked eye. Now, Carver is officially a star.

Born in the late Thirties and raised in an Oregon logging town, Carver grew up expecting to work in the local sawmill. Instead, he married and fled to California and college, a father at age 19. "In those days," he has said, "I always worked some crap job or another. . . . I worked sawmill jobs, janitor jobs, delivery-man jobs, stockroom-boy jobs—name it, I did it." Carver's children hounded him with demands; to write, he had to sneak off to the garage. Under these conditions, "there was no way I could undertake a novel. I needed to write something I could get some kind of payoff from immediately." He declared bankruptcy and began an increasingly passionate flirtation with alcoholism. "I'd take poison before I'd go through that time again," he has said.

Paradoxically, it is from this background that Carver has always derived his greatest strength as a writer. As he puts it, "good fiction is partly a bringing of news from one world into another." Carver's news has been of alcoholics, disintegrating families, debilitating jobs, bankruptcies—what his characters call "low-rent tragedies."

Where I'm Calling From includes three hundred pages of stories from his first three collections, stories that still possess a shocking newness. The narrator's voice in "Fat," for example, is an uncanny mix of choppy reticence and perfect focus: "This fat man is the fattest person I have ever seen, though he is neat-appearing and well-dressed enough. Everything about him is big. But it is the fingers I remember best . . . They look three times the size of a normal person's fingers—long, thick, creamy fingers."

Carver's early stories work by reduction. As readers, we feel the pressure of what his narrators aren't mentioning, the force of unsaid things weighing down on what they are able to say. Even the titles alternate between statements reflecting inarticulateness—"Nobody Said Anything"—and questions that are never truly answered in the bodies of their stories—"Why, Honey?" "What's in Alaska?" "Are These Actual Miles?" The surprise of *Where I'm Calling From* comes in the later stories, when Carver begins putting the unsaid stuff back in. With most "minimalists," one suspects the assumed terseness of hiding a very real lack of substance. In stories like "Feathers," "Cathedral," and "A Small, Good Thing," we see that a prolix Carver is at least as good as a laconic one. Indeed, these stories, appearing back-to-back, set a standard the rest of the book can't really match.

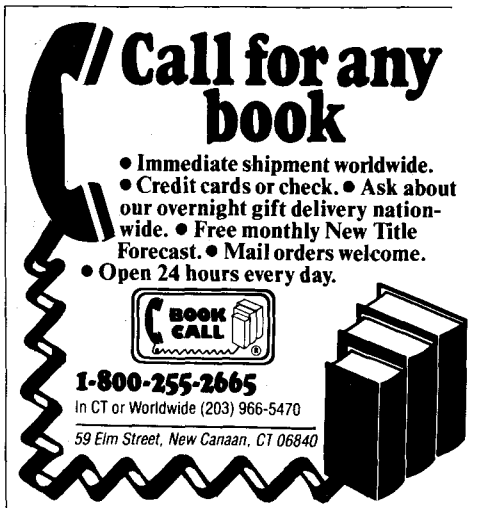
Which is not to say the new stories in *Where I'm Calling From* are unsatisfying. But "Boxes," which follows "A Small, Good Thing," is a letdown. It shows what happens when Carver gives himself too much latitude. The narrator's peripatetic mother, living in her son's town for eight months, is going to move again. Carver allows himself a realization scene the earlier Carver would have edited away without a second's thought:

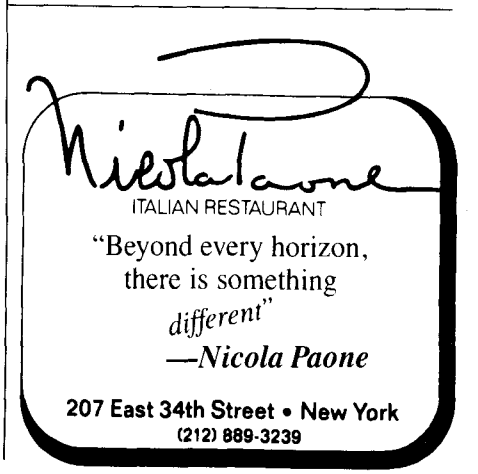
> What can I do? I can't tie her up, or commit her, though it may come to that eventually. I worry for her, and she is a heartache to me. She is all the family I have left. I'm sorry she didn't like it here and wants to leave. But I'm never going back to California. And when that's clear I understand something else, too. I understand that after she leaves I'm probably never going to see her again.

Two of the new stories, the Kafkaesque "Intimacy" and the baleful "Whoever Was Using This Bed" (in which a fanciful discussion by a married couple about "pulling the plug" turns uncomfortably real when the wife disconnects the telephone her husband is talking on), are as good as anything else in the collection. One, "Elephant," may be Carver's best. They share an air of earned, masterly confidence; the author isn't struggling to get your ear, he knows he deserves it. Yet one can't help wishing Carver had waited longer to put this book out, gotten more stories together. The early stories have a density to them; they've been mulled over for years. A new story like "Blackbird Pie," in which Carver uses a sort of unreliable Edgar Allan Poe voice, would never make a cut like that. The best of Carver's new work deserves a book of its own; tossing in stories like "Elephant" and "Errand" at the end of a compilation is teasing.

Still, *Where I'm Calling From* has been arranged cleverly, the stories dovetailing into one another, one about fishing sliding into another about fishing plus suppressed violence; one about a recovering alcoholic considering rapprochement with his wife followed by one about an active alcoholic and his wife separating. Bringing the stories into such close contact reveals strengths we otherwise wouldn't have recognized. No one begins stories better than Carver, and no one, certainly, has a better handle on our American style of eating. Consider this, from "Cathedral": "We dug in. We ate everything there was to eat on the table. We ate like there was no tomorrow. We didn't talk. We ate. We scarfed. We grazed that table. We were into serious eating . . . We finished everything, including half a strawberry pie. For a few moments, we sat as if stunned. Sweat beaded on our faces."

In the front-page *New York Times Book Review* article on this collection, Marilynne Robinson promised to "liberate Raymond Carver from the camp of the minimalists." Excited by her own interpretation of the stories, how-





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ever, she forgot to go back and do this. Reading *Where I'm Calling From*, one realizes that Carver has been not a minimalist but a precisionist, setting down, as precisely as possible, the exact words for things. He has brought news of his world into ours. One imagines that the title does not so much highlight the story of that name as reflect Carver's whole enterprise. We now know where Raymond Carver has been calling from—it's a place that would have gone unremarked, in a style that would have gone undiscovered, had it not been for him. □

ALL IN THE FAMILY

Christopher Simonds

Family Politics, by John Buckley (Simon & Schuster, 332 pp., $18.95)

EARLY ON in this delightful tale, a prospective girlfriend tells the protagonist, Charlie Daley, "I really have never met anyone who placed such importance on his family. You read the world into them." Which suggests the curse/blessing of those big, brawly families: they are their own worlds, or at least their own societies, sharing histories, always maintaining themselves, regardless of division within, intact against the other, outer world. But at a price: "The family made tacit demands on all of us," Charlie explains,

> the most important being the Big Trade-In, wherein it was stated that in return for being protected by the Daleys and blessed by their name, you must renounce your individuality to protect the organism if it should ever, either collectively or in pieces, come under attack. That didn't seem like much, but when your own family exhausts you, and when it is sufficiently large and famous that you can't escape it . . . , there can be in a sane man an urge to get away.

The Daley family *is* large (books like this should include a fold-out family tree); famous once as maverick automakers, lately for misbehavior; and under attack: Daley Motorworks is on the skids; Uncle Wolfy's ex has written a tell-all about his boozy fornications; and now Charlie's stuffy-sincere brother, Edward, has exposed them all to danger by emerging from the safety of Wall Street to challenge the Weickeroid incumbent, Uncle (by marriage) Nate Stanton, for the New York Republican senatorial nomination.

And so Charlie, who has made a nice start at carving out an independent life, rallies to the family and takes charge of Edward's campaign. It's a steamy summer, what with Uncle Nate's *éminence grise*, wicked Uncle Ethan, pulling dirty tricks out of a bottomless hat while Cousin Blake, as loathsome a psycho as anyone could wish to avoid, does his unofficial bit by bashing, torching, maiming, and killing the Daleys, their pets, and their property. The media circle in the heavens, watching the carnage, waiting to swoop down and feed. By fall, the Daleys are variously triumphant, resigned, or on the mend; justice has been meted out to the bad guys; and Charlie has come to terms.

Along the way, John Buckley doles out suspense (*Will* Edward unseat Uncle Nate? *Will* Cousin Blake massacre the Daleys? *Will* Charlie find happiness with a girl from a family even crazier than his?), mystery (What happened to Grandfather's millions, which we sure could use now that Edward is running for office?), and any number of nice touches. For instance: Charlie is independently well-off thanks to his dog, Fido, the canine equivalent of Morris the cat. Fine, that's kind of cute. Fido is brutally murdered—delicious outrage! And then Mr. Buckley deftly turns the situation, putting in Edward's mouth a eulogy for Fido that, like a flashbulb, illuminates the Daleys for just an instant before they go back to "making small talk, because the object was to never let on."

Another: "One of the things I liked best about the Catholic Church's new liturgy was having to shake the hand of the person beside you before you accepted Communion. I liked it because I was usually next to my brother or one of my sisters and sometimes that would be the nicest gesture between us of the day."

The author is, yes, a card-carrying Member of a Large Public Family, one that, like his Daleys, has appeared in force on the cover of *Life*. Buckleyphiles hoping to find hot inside poop will, however, search in vain: the specific congruences are mostly superficial. The Daleys are just themselves, clearly seen and precisely drawn, neither larger nor smaller than life; real people, not cardboard Cartwrights. Mr. Buckley and his Charlie Daley have much else in common: background in lower (geographically) Manhattan journalism; delight in political brawling; a fondness for punk-rock nightclubs. These worlds are as thoroughly evoked as the Connecticut compounds of the Daleys and the Stantons. The political hurly-burly is particularly well done: Mr. Buckley loves, and conveys to perfection, the sweaty, four-in-the-morning hysteria, the essential weirdness (see, for instance, Edward's visit to the state pen to commune with the electric chair). I found the nightclub stretches a bit dry—I'm with Charlie's landlady, who asks him, "How is it that someone who plays this kind of music can afford to live in this apartment?"—but it's hard to begrudge our battle-weary hero the right to "thrash around like a normal person"; and then there's the priceless shark episode . . .

Mr. Buckley writes with energy, a certain grace, and a fine sense of the ridiculous. If you yearn for a heavy-handed family saga, look elsewhere; but if you care to beguile a summer's weekend with a nicely crafted comedy of manners, you'll do no better than *Family Politics*. □

FILM

MOLLY UNCODDLED

John Simon

WHITE SOUTH AFRICA has morally and politically painted itself into a corner. There is no way a minority, in this day and age, can keep its

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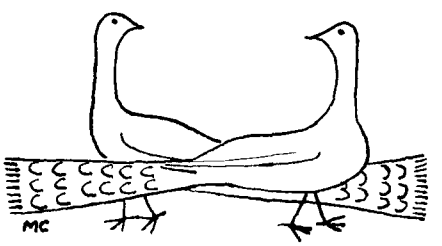
THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

On November 20, 1975, Prime Minister Carlos Arias Navarro, in announcing to the people of Spain the death of Generalissimo Francisco Franco, read as follows from the Caudillo's last will and testament: "I have wished to live and die a Catholic. I glory in the name of Christ and it has been my constant will to be a faithful son of the Church, in whose bosom I am about to die. . . . Spain, whom I love to the last moment of my life, . . . I beseech you to persevere in unity and in peace . . . Never forget that the enemies of Spain and of Christian civilization are on the alert. . . . Preserve the unity of the lands of Spain."

Franco himself, from the earliest days of his regime during the Spanish Civil War of 1936-39, had declared himself a "totalitarian"—without, however, really meriting the term. His idea of "re-educating" his subjects was to put the Catholic Church in charge of Spain's education and its standards of art, discourse, and decency; and, though during the Civil War atrocities were committed on both sides, for the next 36 years the regime's "repressive" acts included most spectacularly the jailing and execution of Basque terrorists for their crimes of robbery, terror, and assassination. As your modern, up-to-date, progressive dictator, Franco was leagues behind Hitler and Mussolini, while the denizens of that *bolgia* in Hell in which the spirit of Stalin savagely broods and where a place is undoubtedly reserved for Pol Pot and Idi Amin would turn up their noses in contempt at him.

Although during the forty years through which his regime lasted Francoist Spain was first in very bad, and finally in slightly bad, odor with World Opinion, as represented not only by the Democracies but by the murderous thugs and hypocrites that continue to make up much or most of the United Nations, the fact remains that under Generalissimo Franco Spain was no bad place to live, owing largely to the fact that his personal style of dictatorship, for which he himself never developed a formula, prevented that country from suffering the policies of Communist and Socialist parties that plagued the rest of Europe, West as well as East, throughout the same period. Since, in the early Eighties, Jeane Kirkpatrick first dilated on her now famous distinction between totalitarianism and authoritarianism, such truths can now be told. In *Franco: A Biography* (Harper & Row, $25), Dr. Juan Pablo Fusi, the director of the Spanish National Library, while hedging his basic admiration with qualifications, has produced a fundamentally sympathetic biography of the Caudillo that is long on appreciation of General Franco's sincerity, though remaining critical of his attempt to institutionalize a political regime that, to a considerable degree, had made itself unrealistic and obsolete by means of its many undeniable successes.

Franco, who was born in 1892 to a middle-class family with naval traditions and in circumstances "modest, but decent and honorable," attended the Military Academy of Toledo without distinction, only to course like a meteor immediately thereafter, when, from 1912 to 1926, he was posted to Africa, where he served with the Foreign Legion, fought gallantly and was wounded, and became the recognized hero of the Moroccan Campaign. It was as a soldier, in Africa, that Franco formed the convictions that were to stay with him for life; firstly, that nationalism ought to be keyed to military values, and that the army was therefore (in Fusi's words) "the incarnation of patriotism and the ultimate guarantor of national unity"; secondly, that nineteenth-century liberalism was directly responsible for Spain's decline and that liberalism, as a principle of government, led ineluctably to "politics without the authority, unity, and continuity which, he thought, were vital for effective government." When the Second Republic was formed in 1931, Franco, though he (in his own words) "never gave a cheer" for it, served it obediently until the events of July 18, 1936, brought him to power with a reluctance matched only by that which he afterward felt toward relinquishing it. His motives and those of his fellows were wholly non-ideological: "The first job was to destroy the Republic. Neither Franco nor his comrades in arms had any settled plans about the type of state or political system they would erect after victory. In an attempt to resolve the differences they had among themselves, Franco proposed at their preparatory meetings that their movement should be simply 'pro-Spanish and pro-Catholic.' "



Fusi chooses not to speculate on the reasons why Franco, instead of stepping down—as Primo de Rivera had before him—after a limited period of dictatorial rule, decided to stay on, as he very soon made clear, "for life." Most probably, they resolve themselves into a psychological inability to trust anyone but himself to withstand the despised forces of weakness to which he saw the Spanish monarchy as being fatally prone. And yet, despite his hatred of constitutional liberalism, Franco suffered for four decades (according to Fusi) from a "bad democratic conscience" deriving from the illegitimacy of his regime. This illegitimacy he tried to paper over with notions of "organic democracy" and what Sir Raymond Carr, in his Preface, calls "the democracy of the plaza," while submitting pseudo-democratic guarantees to carefully engineered national plebiscites. In the end, the democratic rhetoric and the dictatorial reality subverted one another; with the result that Spain was about as far from being (in Franco's phrase) "well tied down" as any country possibly could be, when at last the General's hand-picked successor, Juan Carlos, assumed responsibility for the nation's fate.

Noting that Francoist Spain "by its very existence provoked revulsion in the liberal and democratic value-system of its day," Fusi concludes that, as long as that system persists, the Caudillo will suffer from the adverse judgment of history. But who, save for adolescents and democratic politicians, cares about popularity? I think that Francisco Franco was by way of being a great man, myself. □

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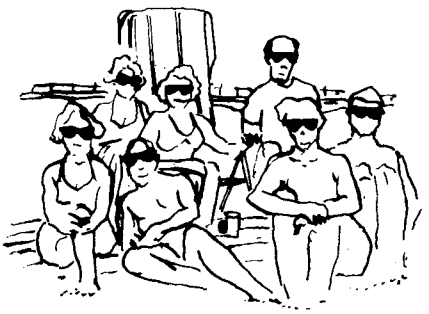
country's majority as second- or third-class citizens and permanently get away with it. On the other hand, I appreciate the problem of giving up what you consider your rightful, hard-earned possession, and the near-impossibility of squeezing the Dutch South Africans back into the tiny fatherland. There might, of course, be some compromise solution, except that after all the sternness and brutalities of the Afrikaners, there is probably no way of working out a peaceable settlement, so all that seems left is to keep the screws tight or to tighten them further. Meanwhile apartheid is a nightmare from which the only awakening I can imagine is into another, reverse nightmare.

Until recently, the screen, unlike the theater, has hardly addressed this problem at all. Now film treatments are beginning to spring up, most conspicuously Richard Attenborough's grandiosely inept *Cry Freedom*. Chris Menges's *A World Apart* is a markedly better film, although, as praise goes, that is not the least faint. Still, by not attacking the problem head-on, but approaching it obliquely through the miseries of 13-year-old Molly—whose parents' political activism leaves her ever more lonely and deprived of affection—then gradually fanning out to encompass the full horror of apartheid, the film manages to avoid the sense of agit-prop oversimplification.

Shawn Slovo's screenplay is the largely factual story of her family. Gus and Diana Roth (for which read Joe Slovo and Ruth First) are white political activists: he a lawyer and a leader of the banned African National Congress; she the editor of a small liberal newspaper; both Communists. They have three daughters, of whom Molly (i.e., Shawn) is the eldest. Set in 1963, the film begins in the middle of the night on which Gus must flee the country to avoid arrest. The children are told he is off for a while on business; this vagueness, and spying on her parents' passionately sexual farewell, leaves Molly feeling all the more left out. Diana carries on alone with fanatical dedication to the cause both as newspaperwoman and as participant in clandestine meetings; inevitably, she is a neglectful mother. It is impressive how much the film can convey through a single incident, the killing of a black cyclist by a white hit-and-run driver. Impotent black anger, white indifference or cowardice, police unconcern,



Diana's preoccupation with larger political issues, making her barely heed Molly's excited eyewitness account—all these are succinctly encapsulated here.

The movie affords us swift, nervously paced glimpses of Diana's political and journalistic activities; of Molly's hopeless reaching out to her; of how Diana's mother, Mrs. Abrahams, comes to help out with the children; of the younger daughters' childish solipsism. We follow Molly's growing dependence on Elsie, the black servant, whom the law has cut off from her children; also the partial solace Molly finds in her one sympathetic school chum, the extroverted Yvonne, and in an understanding headmistress. In some ways —with Spanish-dancing classes, garden parties, doing the twist to American records—a semblance of normal middle-class adolescence is maintained, even if most of her classmates taunt Molly about the "cowardly" escape of her Communist father, and her mother, though basically well-meaning, remains distant and evasive. As much as a child can be, Molly is sympathetic to the struggle around her, but the need for a mother is greater.

Diana not only shortchanges Molly emotionally, but also keeps defying the authorities in ways that jeopardize the entire family. Finally she is jailed under the monstrous Ninety Days Detention Act—held in solitary for ninety days, without trial, books, writing materials—and relentlessly grilled to induce her to name names. She resists, is finally released, and is immediately jailed for another ninety days (there is much of what Villiers de l'Isle-Adam called "torture by hope").

Afraid she will crack and betray, Diana attempts suicide; she is hospitalized and released after 117 days, but only into strict house arrest and round-the-clock surveillance. Meanwhile Molly has been ostracized even by Yvonne and her family, and, Granny having taken ill, Elsie is all that is left to her. She visits with her the black township where Elsie's brother, Solomon, is one of the leaders of organized protest. By a number of harrowing and tragic incidents, Molly becomes politicized and Diana humanized; in the end, daughter, mother, and even grandmother form a united political front, but Diana's continued indomitable recklessness was to lead in 1982, as a final title card states, to her assassination. By letter bomb, as the card, perhaps tendentiously, fails to inform us.

There is much to recommend the film. Menges is a dazzling cinematographer (*The Killing Fields*, *The Mission*) and fine documentarist whose first feature film this is, and though the cameraman was Peter Biziou, the movie reflects its director's cinematographic and nonfiction expertise—as well as some of the attendant drawbacks. Meetings dispersed by the police with ferocious dogs and weaponry, Diana's disrupted interracial birthday party, a church service from which a number of worshippers are dragged off to jail and death, Diana's harsh treatment in prison, are presented with the swiftness and incisiveness of an inspired documentary. But the human story gets scanted: we do not find out how Diana got to be the way she is; we learn nothing about Gus and the grandmother (the family seems to be Jewish, but nothing is made of that); the plight of the blacks is communicated through effective vignettes, but mere vignettes nevertheless. Details are not overlooked, yet except for Molly, who preserves much naïveté amid her knowingness, no character has any complexity. This is especially true of the blacks, who are represented as plaster saints.

The cinematography is at times almost too artful, notably in the dark interiors in Solomon's house, where the camera plays at being Georges de la Tour, and gloom emerges as aestheticism. It is typically a documentarist and cameraman's approach to avoid analysis as much as self-analysis. Much of Elsie's scant dialogue isn't even in English; Diana's main interrogator shows some humanity, but remains a shadowy figure. True, *A World Apart* is primarily about a mother-daughter relationship set against a terrible background, about how the larger damage done to impoverished blacks takes its

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toll also on bourgeois whites. Even so, there are too many missing depths and heights. Perhaps the most moving scene is one in which Harold, Diana's only white assistant on her newspaper, tries to explain her mother's imprisonment to Molly: the mixture of awkwardness and wisdom, the fumbling of a decent but ordinary mind trying to impart something huge to the even more limited understanding of a child, and the way this is shot—the pair tight against a wall, Harold hard put to meet Molly's appetitive gaze—holds helpfulness and helplessness in exquisite balance.

Equally fine is the brief glimpse of Elsie's collapse at Solomon's funeral, even though the rest of this closing scene cannot avoid looking like the poster art of *Cry Freedom*. Still, by moving fast, Menges minimizes his, perhaps inevitable, lapses. And if, for example, some of the prison scenes cannot avoid the *déjà vu*, there are others that truly score, e.g., Diana's effortful hoisting herself up by the bars of her high window to stare longingly at the humdrum city traffic outside, the banal suddenly becoming wrenchingly beautiful.

Expectably, Menges has an unerring eye for the right faces; unexpectedly, he proves expert at eliciting remarkable performances. Barbara Hershey, with a persuasive accent, does a compelling job as Diana, both in her basic stiffness and chilliness, and in her two very different kinds of warmth: the easy, almost exaggerated one for the cause and its fighters, and the repressed maternal one that intermittently breaks through, especially at the end. She may lack the ultimate histrionic greatness that fills in the gaps of a screenplay, but she restrainedly makes the most of what is there.

As Molly, Jodhi May, a 12-year-old British schoolgirl, does wonders. She starts out low-key: we are pleased to note an unpretty, slightly clownish face whose beauty comes from within, all tangled up with even an intelligent child's immaturity. But the performance almost imperceptibly deepens, and a sorrowing intensity pours out of the awkwardly forward-tilted head; the ungainliness is somehow transmuted into the tragic, yet the child never turns into a precocious quasi-adult. The little girls playing the younger sisters are first-rate, too, as are most of the supporting actors, black or white. Linda Mvusi exudes calm strength and cheer as Elsie, which makes her crumbling into grief all the more shattering.

Shot on location in Zimbabwe, the film has the right look about it. It has no flab, no sentimentality or self-pity. However, you want it to be great, the way *Shoeshine* and *Forbidden Games* are, and that, from a novice scenarist and first-time director, is not forthcoming. But, until the overexplicit ending, it works. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

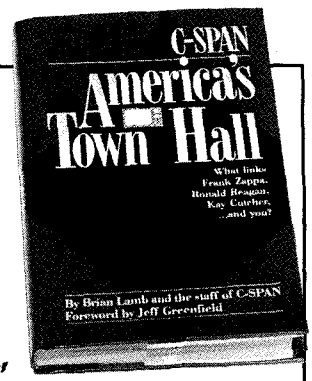
The Reformation and the English People, by J. J. Scarisbrick (Blackwell, 204 pp., $24.95)

THERE CAN BE little doubt that the Reformation in England received much of its support from ambitious men who took it as an opportunity to acquire wealth or power for themselves. What is more difficult to determine is how the general run of Englishmen viewed the new order of things introduced by Henry VIII and his successors. Drawing on various types of evidence—individual wills, confraternity registers, local town records—Professor Scarisbrick concludes that, for the most part, people were quite content with the Catholic way of life. Up to and even after Henry's suppression of the monasteries, individuals regularly left bequests in their wills for memorial Masses; there was widespread involvement in the building of churches; lay confraternities and guilds organized largely for pious purposes continued to enroll new members; pilgrimages remained popular as ever. The response of many people to the revival of the Faith under Mary Tudor is also quite telling. Churches that had been despoiled were restored. Property that had been alienated was purchased by local towns. Altar stones, sacred vessels, and priestly vestments that had disappeared during the reign of Edward gradually reappeared. And this was the work not of the government but, rather, of laymen devoted to the old order. The question naturally arises: Why then did the Reformation succeed if so many people were opposed to it? Professor Scarisbrick credits Henry and Cromwell with keeping their opponents off guard by a policy of attacking isolated targets (e.g., smaller monastic communities) while avoiding an open commitment to radical change. Furthermore the English Reformation had, at its inception, the advantage of not being linked with Protestantism. As a result very few Englishmen expected a "next step" even after several steps had already been taken. This work, in addition to being a fine study of the period, will also be useful to those interested in the techniques of "revolution from above." ROBERT P. ROONEY

WHEELER

(Continued from page 44)

of the Rockford Institute, Eric Mack of Tulane, Les Lenkowsky of the Institute for Educational Affairs, and James Gwartney of Florida State. Professor Gwartney's argument, being specialized, was shortchanged above, but was one of the most interesting offered. Namely, that income transfer has done very little to help the poor and, in theory, never can. Whatever you have to do to get the benefit defeats its purpose. If, say, you have to stand in line to get a government check, the line will be exactly long enough to reduce the



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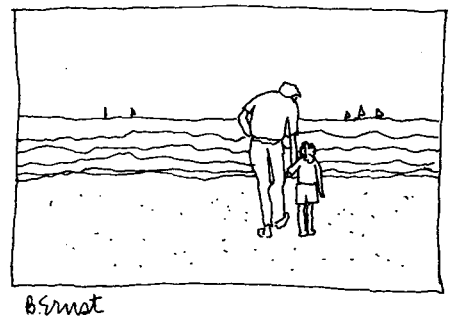
value of standing there to zero. Or, if you have to be poor to get the check, the law will be that you have to *stay* poor to keep getting it—and there you are, trapped. Moreover, the marginal tax rate on escaping the trap is terrible. And so it goes. The transfer is capitalized in terms of entry costs, and disappears.

Luncheon speaker Charles Lichenstein is a man of courage and humor. It was he, you recall, serving with Jeane Kirkpatrick at the UN, who told the UN whiners that if they didn't like it here, he'd be delighted to escort them to (and off) the pier. Ta-ta. He needed both resources to address a gathering split into two dining rooms, one served by a video gadget and also, oddly, having *much* the younger audience. Mr. Lichenstein made the most of it, and if he ever abandons the government-UN-Heritage circuit in favor of gainful employment, he'll be a natural at the comedy club.

But he was of serious purpose in his remarks on the Ford Foundation. Ford, he said, practically invented arms control, and was busy putting termites in the woodwork as early as 1952. They are still feeding. The effect of arms control is *always* to disarm the good guy while the bad guy prepares for war. Similarly, public TV and radio are the product of Ford, which even helped develop the first PBS communications satellite. For its own relatively modest cost, it is extracting millions in taxes and corporate donations to finance the "principal transmission belt of [the] dominant liberal culture."

Willa Johnson chaired the first afternoon session, "Charitable Giving and Social Change." The speakers were Stanley Rothman of Smith College; Ernest Lefever of the Ethics and Public Policy Center; Marvin Olasky of the University of Texas; and Michael Joyce of the Lynde and Harry Bradley Foundation. As outlined above, they all argued vividly that the "social change" discussed was for the worse.

Frank O'Connell chaired the last session, which was given over to the professionals in conservative foundations; they are so few in number that most were represented here. The subject was "The Role of Philanthropy in a Free Society." The speakers were W. W. Hill of the Liberty Fund; James Piereson of the John M. Olin Foundation; Robert Russell, management consultant; and Donald Coxe, an *NR* associate, representing the Donner Canadian Foundation. What was interesting in this segment was the unanimity of purpose. The founders of these philanthropies were all businessmen concerned about the encroachments of government not only into the market but into the charitable act. They had in common also education in classical teachings, and a clear understanding of where the trends they saw would lead. So these few, at least, took great precautions that their philanthropy would be rightly used. It has been. The present managers, sharing both these ideals and these understandings, have preserved what is left of genuine philanthropy.



Meeting adjourned—but by no means over. There was an optional dinner meeting Saturday night, and another for Sunday breakfast. And of course friends to yak with and Chicago spots to visit and all the sense of reunion until next year's meeting in—Philadelphia. Do you suppose it will be the Chicago Society meeting there? □

GALLAGHER

(Continued from page 43)

right back there and insist they take the papers. So I did." Mrs. Palmer-Phelps also helped her apply for welfare, referred her to a community-college program where she is studying to be a respiratory therapist, and gave her a shoulder on which to cry.

To Toni Staab, Rose Palmer-Phelps is a modern heroine. That's not the way Jim Voss sees it. Voss is the Pittsburgh attorney whose testimony sparked an unauthorized-practice-of-law suit against Mrs. Palmer-Phelps's organization. "They are practicing law; giving advice (a lot of which is bad) and that's against the law," says Voss. "It's just a matter of time before she's closed down."

"They think I'm taking money away from them," responds Mrs. Palmer-Phelps. "They think some of these clients could afford an attorney."

"If what Rose Palmer's doing is illegal, it shouldn't be," says Durant.

Before this latest push, Reaganites had two ideas about how to end Legal Services abuses: increase monitoring efforts and defund the Corporation. Neither strategy has proved notably successful. Monitoring is costly and time-consuming: clever accounting procedures hide improper use of funds, and Congress has blocked Administration efforts to require more stringent reporting. Defunding is not much easier: defunding the National Clients Council took twenty months and twenty days of administrative hearings, five thousand transcript pages, 17 witnesses, and $335,000 for outside counsel (not counting in-house staff time).

So the current initiative marks an important change, a last-ditch effort to reform legal services as the Reagan era draws to a close. "By taking the initiative, Reagan has changed the focus on who should be in control," says Durant. "It's important for Republicans to quit saying 'stop' and start saying 'stop and go.'"

What he is referring to is perhaps the most important and least-talked-about political development in the Eighties: the emerging coalition between conservatives and the poor on a whole network of issues, from tenant-managed housing to school-based clinics to legal services. The coalition is based on this central conservative insight: poor people, like the rest of us, must feel they are responsible for their own future if they are to build a better one.

Defenders of the current Legal Services Corporation implicitly embrace certain views about human nature, about the nature of the poor. "They're going to give the poor what's good for them whether the poor want it or not," snorts Bob Woodson. "Their attitude is that the poor are impotent children." Legal Services, like too many other programs for the poor, has made subservience a condition of subsistence. It promises the poor they will be taken care of as long as they submit to the loving dictates of the knowledge class. But people are problem-solving animals. You don't just check your human capacities at the door when your income falls below $11,203 a year. Clark Durant and Ronald Reagan know that. □

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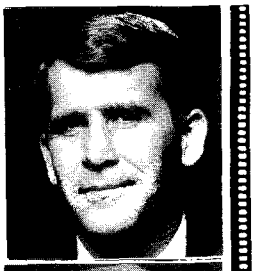

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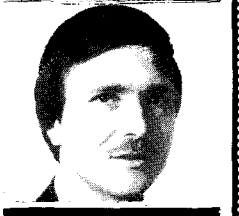

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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TALL, SLIM, blue-eyed, Catholic professional woman: 37, never married, non-smoker. Loves aircraft, books, animals, the American West, Fred Astaire. Seeks man of similar tastes, 35–40, for correspondence, friendship, and whatever the future brings. NR Box 6080.

PILOT, FARMER-RANCHER, 39, 5'11", 175 lbs., B.S., WASP, healthy, and not bad looking: seeking the one and only to share life's ups and downs and rear a family in a rural setting. Interests include my livelihood, politics, economics, religion, good company, and the world we live in. Only if you are genuinely honest and sincere, please reply to: Joe, Route 1, Box 53, Manchester, Okla. 73758.

CONSERVATIVE SENIOR-LEVEL BUREAUCRAT (not an oxymoron), age 56, 5'9", 168 lbs. Non-smoker who tries to stay healthy (gym). Loves films, fattening foods, travel. Sometimes irreverent, but also caring. Could retire but probably won't. Daughters grown, graduated, and almost independent. Interested in attractive, similarly situated woman for relationship of complete equality. P.O. Box 45169, Washington, D.C. 20026.

WITTY, INTELLIGENT, ATTRACTIVE brunette, 30, 5'11", Catholic, professional, relocated to Boston. Interests: tennis, skiing, windsurfing, music, movies, animals. Seeks non-smoking male companion with similar interests. NR Box 6079.

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THE BISHOPS AND SDI

NEW YORK, JULY 1

THE AMERICAN Catholic Bishops have now officially come out against the Strategic Defense Initiative. That a congregation of men dominated by moral hierarchical reasoning should reject the search for a shield to use in place of a sword defies penetration. That their line on what the United States should do (as distinguished from what the Soviet Union *is* doing) is also the line being urged by the Soviet Union is a crowning anomaly, causing Richard Brookhiser to comment that perhaps, during all these decades, the Communists have been praying for the conversion of the Church.

The tactical reasoning of men of the cloth is never especially interesting, given that they may be good at it, may not be good at it, but are certainly not trained as analysts. The only area in which they have any leverage at all on Christian thought has to do with the moral question: Should the United States labor energetically to develop a space shield? To this the bishops said no—but they supported that conclusion, as we shall see, by using primarily analytical rather than moral arguments. Their attempt, in short, was to overwhelm the moral argument, so clearly favorable to defense rather than offense, by analysis. Their failure is manifest.

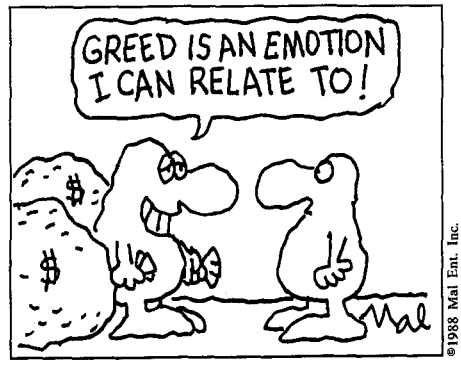
On the moral point, one wonders whether in their researches the bishops ever stumbled on a statement made in 1967 by Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin. Those were the days when the Soviet Union was urging anti-missile defense, while we were heading slowly—fatally—toward the moratorium on defense technology incorporated in the ABM treaty. We were motivated not by moral calculations but by a political anomie brought on by the Vietnam War. If in 1972 the Congress had had the power to repeal the invention of the wheel, it would probably have done so. In desperation, the Nixon-Kissinger team, terminally scared by the anti-missile program's having been voted in by a scarce one vote, decided to try to see if there were means to slow down Soviet advances.

In the course of our early negotiations with the Soviets, Premier Kosygin made a general statement on the alternatives that faced the superpowers. "I believe," he said, "that defensive systems, which prevent attack, are not the cause of the arms race, but constitute a factor preventing the death of people. Maybe an anti-missile system is more expensive than an offensive system, but it is designed not to kill people but to preserve human lives." If one had closed one's eyes and simply weighed the words, one might have thought they had been spoken by Mother Teresa.

But what has happened, of course, is that, the Soviet Union having devoted a decade and a half to developing a crushing superiority in nuclear strategic arms, its leadership saw the first genuine threat to their achievement in President Reagan's call for the development of a Strategic Defense Initiative. What would be the use, finally, of all those SS-18s and -24s and -25s if the United States succeeded in developing an anti-missile technology that would make a nuclear threat nugatory? The entire Soviet propaganda machine turned 180 degrees from the statement of Kosygin; and now it has convinced our Catholic bishops that to proceed with SDI amounts to an act of aggression.

The arguments used by the bishops were three. The first is that SDI poses an "obstacle to effective movement on arms control." The clearest response to this is, Since when? The bishops professed themselves to be hugely gratified by the INF treaty, and no one denies that that treaty (love it or hate it) was the direct result of the installation in Europe of Western theater nuclear weapons. Every turn toward peace taken by the Soviet Union since the war has been a reaction to American resolution.

The bishops fear that the development of SDI, although conceived of as defensive, could in the future be turned to aggressive use. It is difficult to comprehend that argument. If the United States turns into an aggressive monster, we have weapons right now sufficient to wipe out the Soviet Union. It is strange to plead, in opposition to SDI, the possibility that the United States should be tempted to a first strike.



And finally—and incredibly—the bishops pleaded other uses for the money. In fact Mr. Reagan has asked that a mere 5 per cent of what we are planning to spend on our defense be allocated to the development of SDI. The end of SDI would not mean more free lunches or better day care for children. But the end of SDI could mean a return to life in the catacombs, where the bishops would face a flock most sorely perplexed. □

RADICAL INSIGHTS ON DRUG-TAKING

NEW YORK, JULY 8

EVERYONE, including presidential candidates, is thinking about the drug problem, and in recent days I have heard radical ideas from interesting men representing two different schools of conservative thought. Both Thomas Szasz and Lester Grinspoon are professional psychiatrists and renowned in their profession. Dr. Szasz practices and teaches at the State University of New York at Syracuse, Dr. Grinspoon at Harvard Medical School. Grinspoon has for years been associated with the notorious position that taking marijuana is less dangerous than drinking alcohol or inhaling tobacco. Caution. This doesn't mean that he thinks marijuana is risk-free. But he believes tobacco and alcohol are very far from being risk-free.

Dr. Grinspoon believes that the cost of knowingly taking a dangerous drug should fall on the shoulders of the consumer, and there is instant plausibility in his argument. Take, for instance, tobacco, which will kill 350,000 Americans next year. Ah, but before they die there will be considerable cost. Some of it will be a public cost even if we are dealing with an affluent victim of tobacco. If Mr. Jones develops lung cancer at, say, age 58, and before expiring runs up doctor and hospital bills of, say, $150,000, some of this will come in from insurance companies and from as-

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sorted state and federal programs. Meanwhile, he will also stop earning his income, resulting in the relative impoverishment of his wife, and in decreased taxes to the government, i.e., to the people.

Now, Dr. Szasz, who is a thoroughbred libertarian, says very little to Mr. Jones. His only prescription: If you wish to run the risk of lung cancer and other afflictions in exchange for the pleasure of smoking, go ahead: that's your business. Only, down the road, don't come to me, a taxpayer, with a sob-story.

Dr. Grinspoon takes the position that we live in a society in which we are pledged to help those who are in trouble never mind that they ought, to coin a phrase, to have Said No. However, we know enough about the statistical distribution of risks to make some elementary calculations. On the matter of tobacco, we should tax the sale of it sufficiently to raise those funds that will be expended directly by the state (as distinguished from those incalculable sums that will be forfeited by the state) in looking after the patient. Let us say that that comes to two dollars per pack of cigarettes. Okay, then instead of the (approximately) $1.50 per pack that cigarettes cost, begin charging $3.50. Experiments suggest that for every 4 per cent rise in the cost of tobacco, 1 per cent fewer sales will result. That line, however, is asymptotic: there are people who would pay twenty dollars a pack to smoke, or for that matter fifty bucks. In economic lingo, their demand is inelastic. But by and large, the Grinspoon formula would simultaneously discourage smoking and build up a bank of money to be used to treat smokers when they come down with their varied diseases.

Now, Dr. Grinspoon doubts that the huge cost of alcoholism could be borne by taxing booze. The problem there, he says, is that the cost is so high that to impose it would inevitably mean the rise of private stills. People are prepared to go to jail now to make profits from the sale of marijuana. They would presumably be willing to run the same risk if they could, let us say, sell tons of booze at five dollars a quart to customers who would otherwise need to pay 25 dollars a quart. But he favors playing with the formula, and using a substantial percentage of the tax money from the sale of liquor and cigarettes to advertise the dangers of taking them.

Dr. Szasz is ruthlessly philosophical on the whole drug question. In the first place, he says, not everyone becomes an addict—of any drug. Up until 1914, he reminds us, anyone could buy any drug, and even Freud (and of course Sherlock Holmes) did a little drug-taking with no devastating effect (actually, Freud's torture resulted from tobacco, not cocaine). And Dr. Szasz (who is not immune to the pleasures of giving shock) says: "When you need to test someone by taking a urine specimen to find out whether he is on dope, doesn't it follow that the effects of that dope are not otherwise detectable?" (A debater's point, surely: social indistinctiveness doesn't necessarily indicate good or safe conduct. Len Bias could score a dazzling basket and O.D. a few hours later.)

But there are insights here abounding, as the public mind turns to doing something to control demand, since we are having so little luck at controlling supply. □

MORE ON WHEN TO DIE

NEW YORK, JULY 11

I HAD AT SCHOOL a most provocative professor who liked mean questions, meanly formulated, because he liked to make his students think—"an agonizing alternative in your case," he might have said. One day it was announced that medical science had come through with a cure for, I forget what it was: some form of pneumonia. "What," the professor said, "are we supposed to die of?" And indeed if it were all an abstract game, and we counted 977 extant terminal diseases for each one of which medical science in due course came up with a cure, that would leave us nothing to die from save just plain decomposition of the flesh. It is generally agreed, if I read science correctly, that this is the one process that cannot be arrested. Inevitably, human beings being rational animals, thought is given to such questions as: Are there preferable ways to die than through biological decomposition?

A provocative book was published last year. It is called *Setting Limits*, with the explanatory subtitle, *Medical Goals in an Aging Society*. Its author, Daniel Callahan, is what one calls a bioethicist, someone who considers the ethical implications of biological developments. Mr. Callahan is the director of the Hastings Center, which he founded, and which inquires into such questions as—well, setting "limits" to viable lifetimes.

Callahan tells us that at the current rate of increase in longevity, the cost of maintaining the most senior population in America will by the end of the century (which is not very far away) come to $200 billion a year. Mr. Callahan is not a penny-pincher, but his point is that we may be engaged in subsidizing a great deal of agony, as the result of our preoccupation with keeping people alive at any cost.

Most Americans are familiar with the creeping availability of what the lawyers call "living wills." These vary from state to state, but have in common their search for a legal instrument by which an individual can, with forethought, specify the conditions under which he desires to be permitted to die. What Callahan uniquely advances is the idea of a living will in effect generally accepted by society at large, and one that focuses on a particular age. For instance, how would one greet the proposal that no publicly funded nursing home or hospital could finance a costly operation (say a heart bypass) for anyone over the age of 85?

The prospect of a corporate position on the right age to die is properly horrifying. Callahan goes so far as to include as an acceptable stratagem the removal of food and water from old people who are insensate and would not feel the pain of their mortal deprivation. Such a proposal is shocking to moralist Nat Hentoff of *The Village Voice*, who comments, "If an old person is diagnosed as being in a chronic vegetative state (some physicians screw up this diagnosis) the Callahan plan mandates that the feeding tube be denied or removed. No one is certain whether someone actually in a persistent vegetative state can *feel* what's going on while being starved to death. If there is sensation, there is no more horrible way to die." And then medical experts tell you that the cost of feeding insensate people is about the most inexpensive thing in medicine. True, it costs $20,000 a year to maintain someone in a nursing home. But to feed such a person through tubes costs only $10 per day.

THE ROOT QUESTION—here Hentoff wins the argument, I think—is moral, not empirical. If life is a divine gift, as Christians are taught to believe it is, then interruptions of it by acts of commission (suicide) or omission (a refusal to accept medical aid) are wrong. What the bioethicists search for is the ground in between. And the influence here of Pope Pius XII's exhortation in 1957 is critical for many Catholics and non-Catholics. What he said was that although no one may collude in any act of suicide, neither is the Christian required to take "extraordinary measures" to maintain life. In the famous case of Karen Ann Quinlan in New Jersey, the priest and the courts authorized the removal of the respirator from the comatose patient (ironically, she lived on for nine years).

The whole business torments, especially since more and more people have come into personal contact with the dying patient who comes to look upon medicine as a form of torture, given that its effect is to prolong life, and to prolong life for some is to prolong pain. No doubt, in the years to come, a working formula of sorts will emerge. It is critically important that it accept the moral implications of the question. If a society is ready for euthanasia, it has rejected the primary attribute of life: namely that it is God-given. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. A form of the Hindu divinity Krishna
140 68 55 191 99 45 130 27 151 13

B. Iran's neighbor to the east
18 67 192 2 159 204 49 32 115 126 136

C. North Central state (2 words)
187 66 194 127 103 82 172 15 7 56 210

D. Not deciduous
163 207 44 176 6 211 193 20 73

E. Small-caliber rifle (hyph.)
185 158 121 97 31 199 146 46 12

F. Muskogean tribe of North America
98 178 48 17 147 123 74

G. Near
96 26 171 19 80 153 114 128

H. Sentry post
100 38 11 209 107 119 57 162 200 77

I. Trashus maximus insect?
81 4 143 43 75 25 125 105 150

J. Needs
186 210 111 197 88 154 62 148 208 69

K. One kind of terrier
173 183 28 60 122 47 93 160 16

L. Like some primaries
167 3 149 108 135 30 155 118 54 76

M. Leave behind
165 24 42 137 139 175 70

N. Papeete is its capital
180 63 156 120 36 101

O. Eradicates
141 202 35 21 78 169 92

P. Outer Banks (N.C.) locale (2 words)
196 14 131 205 71 29 179 85

Q. "Hicksvilles," in the old west
112 34 79 102 157 1 86 50

R. Pool workouts
198 41 152 94

S. They can be bruised or shattered
132 51 170 5

T. Members of an Islamic sect
142 37 206 8 189 87 104

U. Ta-ta, in Tegucigalpa
109 89 166 52 144

V. Certain "parlor" practices?
40 83 188 182 59 164 72 124

W. Attractions
90 33 184 145 9 195 58 181 203 110

X. Thyroid disorders
168 23 116 134 212 64 91

Y. Touch
133 174 22 61 106 95

Z. North Central state
53 138 177 113

a. Darkroom reply?
84 161 10 190 39 129 117 65

1 Q	2 B	3 L		4 I	5 S		6 D	7 C	8 T	9 W	10 a		11 H	12 E		13 A	14 P	15 C	16 K		17 F	18 B	19 G
20 D		21 O	22 Y		23 X	24 M	25 I		26 G	27 A	28 K	29 P	30 L	31 E	32 B		33 W	34 Q	35 O		36 N	37 T	38 H
39 a		40 V	41 R	42 M	43 I	44 D	45 A		46 E	47 K	48 F		49 B	50 Q		51 S	52 U	53 Z	54 L	55 A		56 C	57 H
	58 W	59 V	60 K	61 Y		62 J	63 N	64 X	65 a		66 C	67 B		68 A	69 J		70 M	71 P	72 V	73 D		74 F	75 I
	76 L	77 H	78 O	79 Q		80 G	81 I	82 C		83 V	84 a	85 P		86 Q	87 T	88 J	89 U		90 W	91 X	92 O	93 K	94 R
95 Y	96 G	97 E	98 F	99 A		100H	101N	102Q	103C		104T	105I	106Y	107H		108L	109U	110W	111J	112Q		113Z	114G
115B	116X	117a	118L	119H	120N	121E	122K		123F	124V		125I	126B	127C	128G	129a	130A	131P		132S	133Y	134X	135L
136B	137M		138Z	139M		140A	141O	142T	143I		144U	145W	146E	147F	148J	149L	150I		151A	152R		153G	154J
155L		156N	157Q	158E		159B	160K	161a		162H	163D		164V	165M	166U	167L	168X		169O	170S		171G	172C
173K		174Y	175M	176D		177Z	178F	179P	180N		181W	182V		183K	184W	185E	186J	187C		188V	189T	190a	191A
192B	193D	194C	195W	196P	197J	198R	199E		200H	201J	202O	203W	204B	205P	206T	207D	208J		209H	210C	211D	212X	

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 58 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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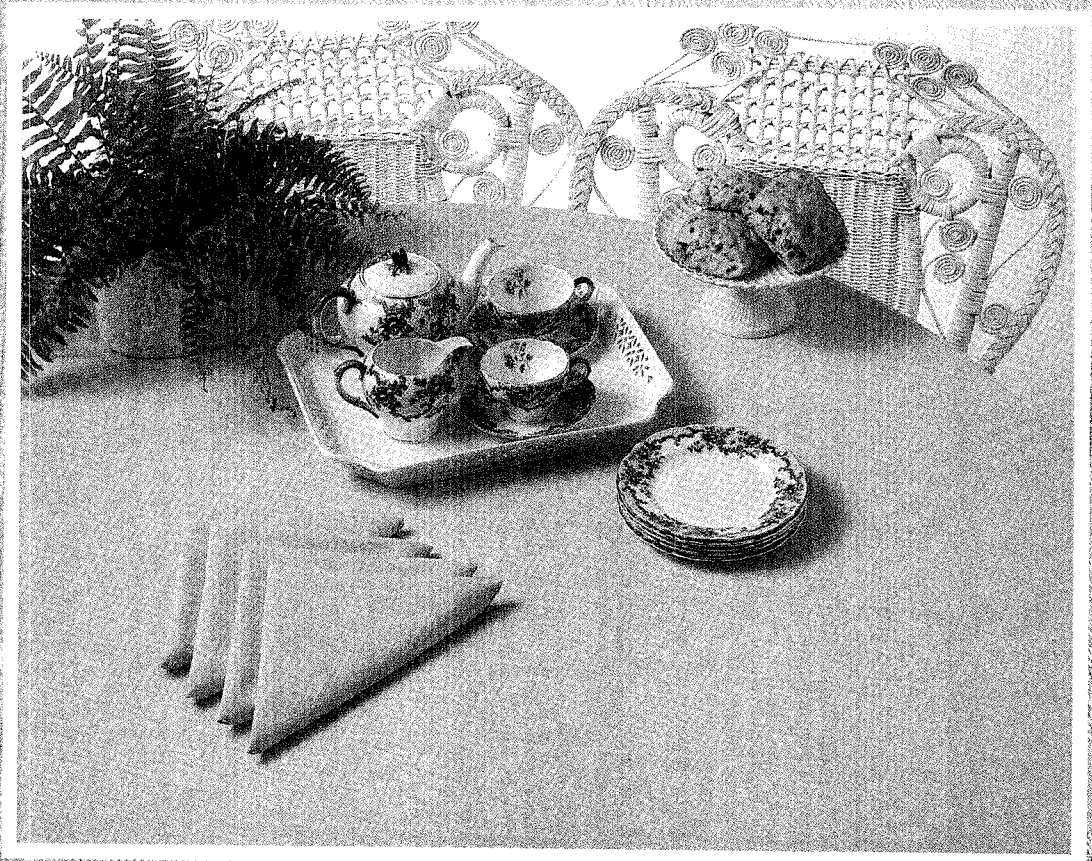

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For customers who know the difference.
VISA TABLEAUX fabrics of Dacron*
VISA. America's Freedom Fabric.

America's Freedom Fabric

VISA BY MILLIKEN

Fabric that cares for itself. And you.

TABLEAUX

Tablelinens enter a new era of fashion, beauty and performance

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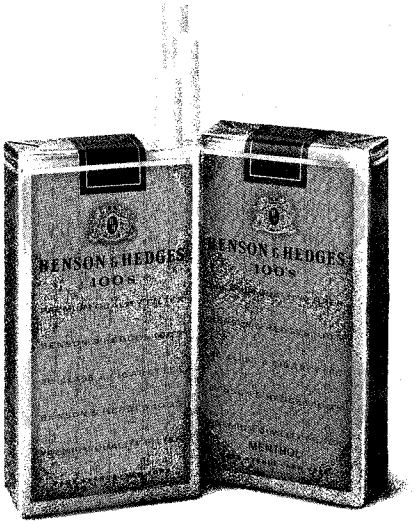
For people who like to smoke...



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Regular
and
Menthol.

BENSON & HEDGES
because quality matters.

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'85.

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